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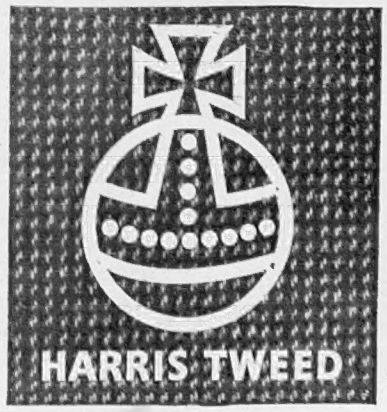

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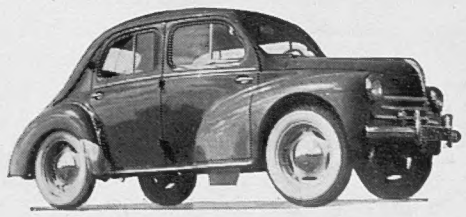

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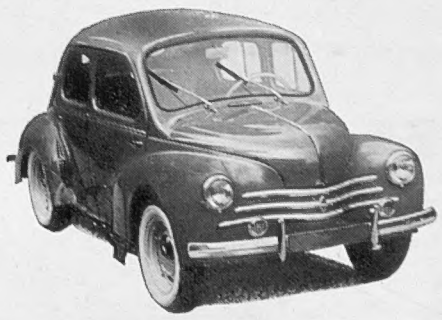

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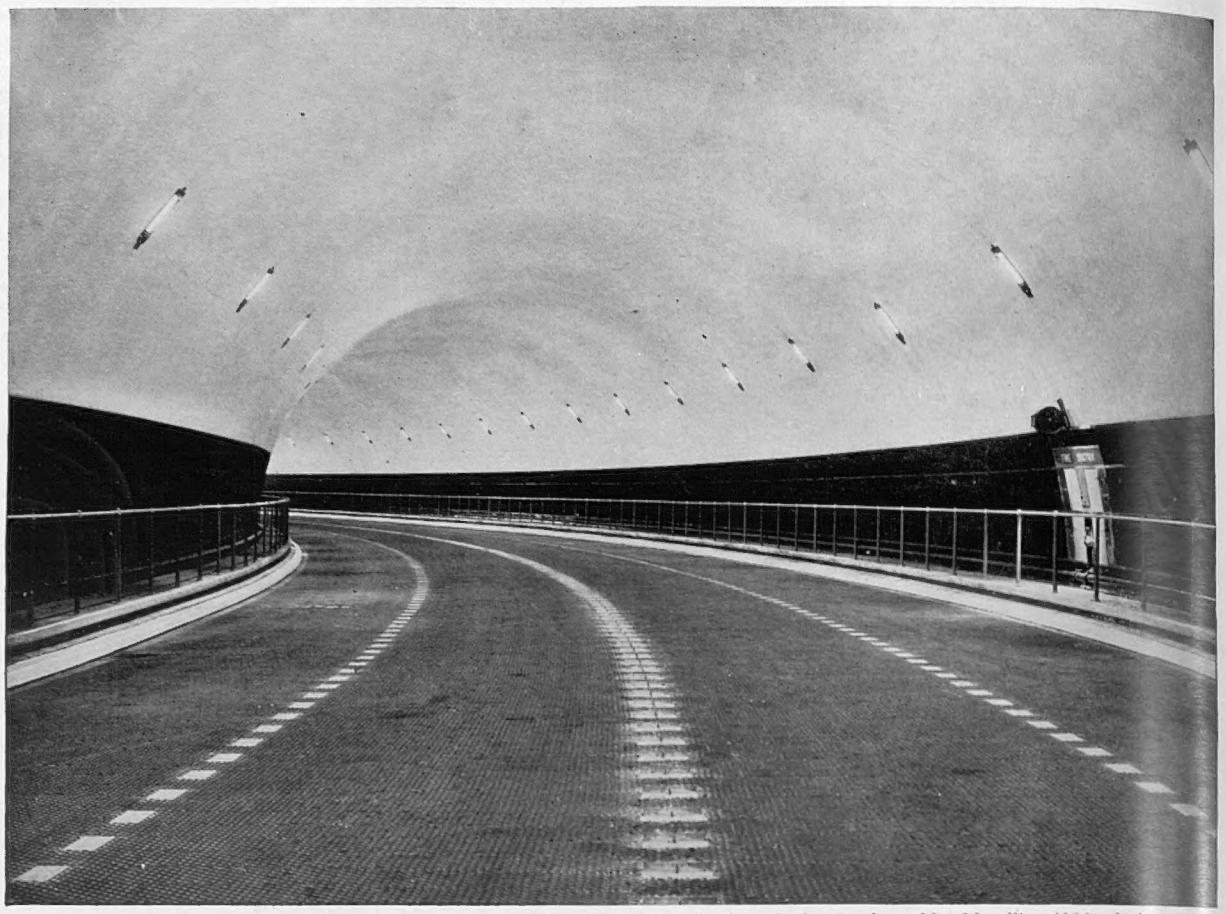

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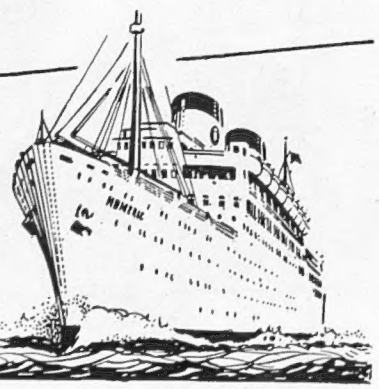

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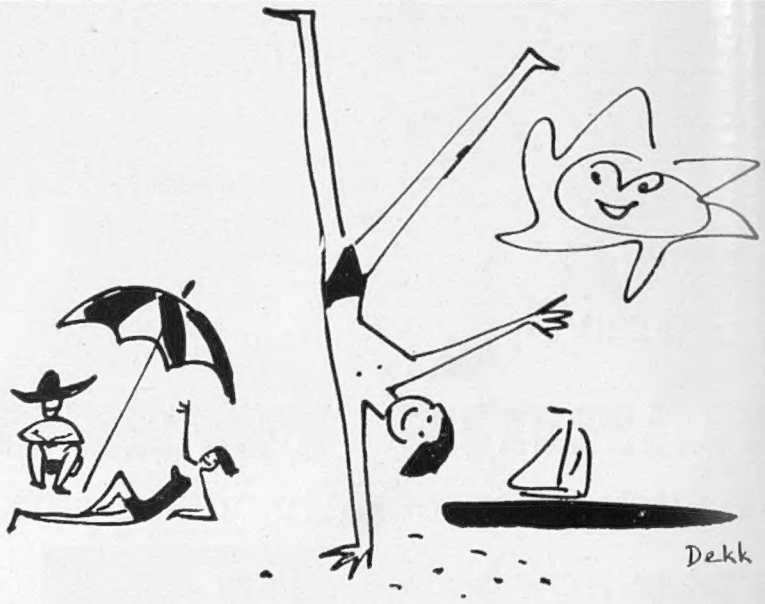

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Volume CCXX No. 2869

The SPHERE, London, February 5, 1955

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THE ROYAL TOUR TO THE WEST INDIES—PRINCESS MARGARET WAVES FAREWELL FROM THE STRATOCRUISER "CANOPUS" BEFORE LEAVING LONDON AIRPORT: The Princess waves to the Queen and other members of the Royal Family who had come to London Airport to see her off on her four-weeks tour of the Caribbean. The British Overseas Airways Corporation Stratocruiser flew to Piarco Airport, Trinidad, a journey of 5,750 miles, which was expected to take about thirty hours.

Princess Margaret left London Airport last Monday on the first overseas tour she has undertaken on her own. On her arrival in Trinidad on the following day the Princess began a four-weeks tour of the Caribbean, during which she is due to visit all the islands of the British West Indies. Princess Margaret will use the Royal yacht *Britannia* to take her from island to island, and is due to leave Nassau, in the Bahamas, for her return journey by air on March 2. The Queen came to the airport to see her sister leave, and with her were the Duke of Edinburgh and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. Princess Margaret is accompanied on her tour by Miss Iris Peake and Lady Elizabeth Cavendish; Captain Oliver Dawnay, who is Private Secretary to the Queen Mother; and by Brigadier Sir Norman Gwatkin, Assistant Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Office. *Canopus* was used by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh for their journey to Jamaica at the start of their Commonwealth tour in November, 1953, and is commanded by Captain Peter Fair. (Pictures of the Stratocruiser appear on page 209.)

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The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO

RED SUNDAY IN ST. PETERSBURG—FATHER GAPON UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE CROSS: A scene in the Vassili Ostroff district, the commercial centre of the capital, during the revolutionary movement, when many people were killed in clashes with the troops. The rising was enormously strengthened by Father Gapon's leadership, even though he was excommunicated. Many men round Father Gapon at this barricade were killed.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE ROYAL NAVY TO-DAY

Geoffrey Willans Reviews the Fighting Strength of the Fleet. Illustrated with Special Drawings, Diagrams and Photographs.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Spreading the Load.—The B.T.C.'s plans for modernising British Railways are before the Government and the public. By 1970 main lines will be all-electric and steam-engines museum pieces. Dirty carriages will be unknown, dingy stations and dingier meals will be old men's memories, and a happy public and its freights will travel sweetly at 100 m.p.h., served by a contented staff pruned of grievances and redundancy. Assuming that by that time better roads do not snatch more custom from the railways and universal air travel does not eliminate passenger and small parcel rail traffic. All these things are promised on one side. No promise has yet come to my ears that the Unions accept the principle, which the Court of Inquiry has tardily restated, that the chief object of nationalisation was to secure economy and efficiency for the public, and not merely wage rates acceptable by the staffs. It will cost money, of course. £1,240,000,000 spread over fifteen years and no immediate hurry to begin; £80,000,000 a year added to the cost of a single travel amenity which does not pay even to-day. The rising generation may see the benefits of ideal rail travel, if by 1970 rail travel is not a back number. You and I have paid, and are likely to pay with knobs on, for removing the reproach from the railways under which we have suffered so bitterly I suppose there is some way of spreading the load. When the railways were under private management, each system's patrons and fans could be found to lock up their money for a long-term investment. So it was that shrewd investors grew rich at last from C.P.R. equity investments. How does it work under nationalisation? We pay as we go nowadays with crippling taxation. But what else is possible? Either the railways are moribund and doomed, or they must find the means to compete in a world of fierce traffic competition. They have one great asset. There is nothing to compete with them yet in carrying heavy freights in reasonable time. But it's a long shot and the charge is expensive; and unless the Unions now co-operate in zeal, goodwill and acceptance of man-power economies and the ending of restrictive practices and threats, it will be money down the drain.

Lords Reform?—Lord Salisbury (the third of his line to admit the "urgency" of the reform of the Upper House) told the peers last week that he was exploring avenues to that end and would in due course lay the results before the House. He hoped the proposals would be implemented by the agreement of all parties, was encouraged by the degree of benevolence shown by the Opposition, and decided that the lines of his ideas need not just now be sketched out. This disappointed the Opposition, the House and the country. There are many Tory peers who do not want any reform. These must question Lord Salisbury's admission that, unless something is done to bring new life into the House, it would eventually die as an effective element in the Constitution. They argue that the eighty peers who to-day do the business (out of 800) do it very well, and have breathed life into its surviving useful functions, and they have some colour for their belief. Lord Jowitt's benevolence for reform is, of course, conditioned. The new House must regain none of its lost powers. It certainly will never regain the last which it lost. But, if it regain none, its reform is still urgent. It has long been intolerable that, by the accident of birth, a number of nit-wits, absentees and other drones should possess the power, even if they seldom exercise it, to influence legislation. It is idle to speculate on what the pattern of reform will be. A 50 per cent. cut in its numerical strength should be a minimum. The single hint let out by Lord Salisbury caused me anxiety—payment of Members. We might swallow salaries (on a means test) for some of the eighty who do the work to-day. But salaries without a means test for a reformed and even pruned House of Lords . . . ! Is there no end to the expense which the nation can be called on to bear for the blessings of Parliament, bureaucracy and its nationalised industries. Are the last volunteers to be disbanded? For generations those in every sphere who "attended camp" were the nation's greatest asset.

Immigrants and Employment.—I think Mr. Osborne's effort to introduce a Bill to regulate immigration from the Commonwealth deserves all the sympathy the House can give it. The subject calls for exhaustive examination. Mr. Osborne's Bill is not aimed against Jamaicans, nor coloured immigrants. It is general. The Jamaican entry is for the most part in good health and of good character. They are very well spoken of by those who bring them over and receive them, and many of them have been absorbed into useful employment; but in some hopeful areas saturation point has already been reached. Among the recent arrivals there are many whose high hopes have been disappointed, who found the picture painted for them in Jamaica totally false, and were shocked to find the very little way the "big money" they expected to earn will go in England, and how very difficult it is to find decent accommodation. It is, however, the whole range of immigration policy which needs Parliament's investigation. Lord Aldenham's able review of present economic conditions, in the Westminster Bank report, is to the point. While there remain a large number of vacancies in industry which the registered unemployed cannot fill, he points out that the number of people engaged in national and local government service had hardly declined (11,000 out of 1,250,000, which represents 5 per cent. of the total in civil employment) in the past year. Innumerable controls have been lifted. A slashing of redundant Civil Servants was promised. The promise has not been fulfilled, partly because no one will tackle redundant committees and other extravagances in administration, partly out of misplaced "loyalty" to the redundant, and out of departmental self-importance. Yet these redundants could well fill the vacancies in industry, and by doing so would create economies in two ways: save the taxpayer and increase production.

Good Out of Evil.—The late cold spell, which, indeed, was abnormal only in the far north of our island, has thrown light on "the way we live now," spoon-fed, hand-to-mouth, confident that the marvels of modern science and the paternal care of our Welfare State will give us each day our daily bread, delivered by tradesmen's vans. They don't.

Still, as of old, Nature in a fit of temper proves how much more powerful she is than puny men and clever scientists and myopic planners. In olden days we prepared for winter like the squirrels. Each man for himself, he laid in stocks of fuel and feeding-stuffs for his beasts and his family, knowing that roads can become blocked, villages isolated and communications broken. The roads are still bad, indeed worse for travel under icy conditions than in the days of horse-drawn vehicles and riders. Sledges are museum-pieces, snow-ploughs, except in the north, are rarities. Men stock-pile for a bare week instead of for months. We are drunk with pride in the powers of internal combustion and find ourselves without a fire in the living-room. And now a Minister has visited the scene of a snow hold-up and has positively seen the light. Something is going to be done about it—some day. Always we observe these Saul-Paul sudden conversions by Ministers with cynical grins. They arrive so late in the day, after so much harm has been done; they are taken (by the Minister) as a flash of genius. He suddenly discovers that the employees of a nationalised industry have long been embittered and bedevilled by gross under-payment. He waves a wand and gives them what they ask for. Why was he so complacent *before* the trouble came to a head? And so with a heavy fall of snow. Why didn't he read history and study weather records? Why does the planner always march in the rear with the camp followers?

Darwin, Dawson and the Dawn Man.—"The exhaustive and painful researches" of twelve scientists have "conclusively proved" that the Dawn man was "never discovered at all." All the

TWICKENHAM'S NEW M.P. TAKES HIS SEAT

A BIRTHDAY OCCASION FOR MR. R. GRESHAM COOKE: He is seen with his wife and family arriving at Westminster to take his seat in the House of Commons as the new Member for Twickenham. His majority in the by-election, which was caused by the death of Sir Edward Keeling, was 10,122; the Conservative proportion of the poll was 1·97 per cent. higher than that attained at the General Election in 1951. Mr. Gresham Cooke, who celebrated his forty-eighth birthday on the day of his arrival at Westminster, has been director of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders since 1946. The members of his family seen in the picture are Gerald, aged thirteen (left); Hereward, aged fifteen, and Vivien, seventeen.

features of the Piltdown discovery, teeth, jawbone, and so on, can easily be artificially produced. And the scientists take as much confident pride in their verdict as did those who accepted and went wild over Dawson's find. Nothing odd in that. The expert and the critic must always be certain or their authority is a child's balloon. We must expunge Piltdown from our science dictionary and expunge Darwin's chief authority for his theory of the descent of Man. And all the work of a country solicitor whose vanity knew no bounds, whose ingenuity was outstanding, who outshone "Molar" Cole as a practical joker and Bode as a cynical exploiter of critics' "infallibility." But there is a scar left even on the memory of cocksure scientists. I pity the man who next discovers a genuine "antique." He will have a hard road to fame and glory. His dry bone will be subjected to every humiliating test and he will be as suspect as an old lag who has broken out of Dartmoor. Unlike Dawson, he will die a suspect. He must look for his fame a century after his death. He will be well advised to turn his find into bonemeal and feed it to his aspidistra.

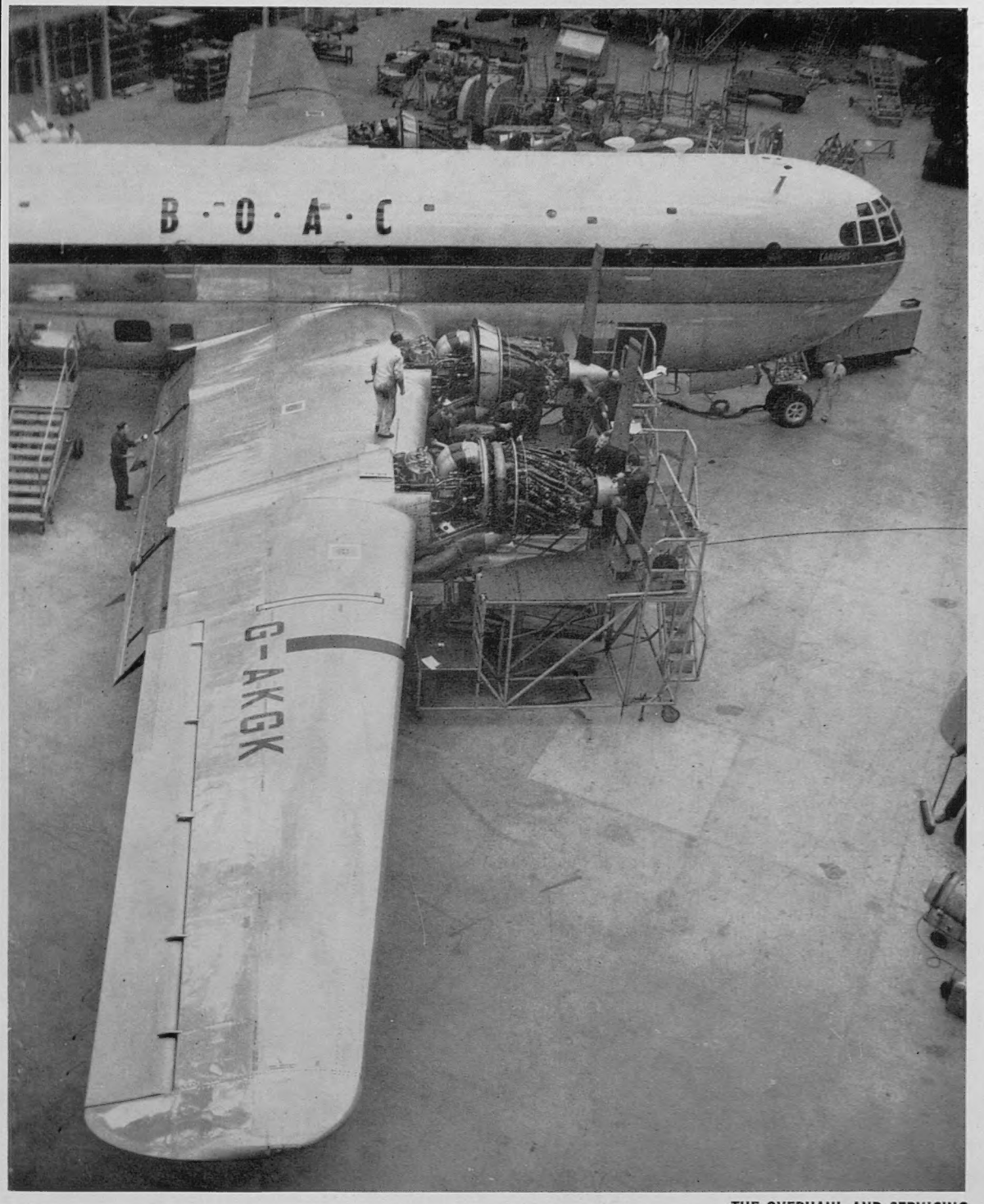
Pools—A Mug's Game.—The figures issued by leading pools promoters are revealing. The public who patronise pool betting contribute their shillings for the off-chance of one day getting a dividend from sixpence, which few of them ever do. Those that are "lucky" very often find that quick money is not after all a blessing: 20 per cent. of the contributions of the gamblers—a large proportion of the nation—goes to the promoters as "commission and expenses," and by all accounts they do themselves pretty well; 30 per cent. more goes in taxes to the Exchequer of a country which frowns on gambling and is shocked at the idea of lottery bonds; £21,000,000 was netted from duty on football pools in 1953. The new Act provides that the promoters need not declare annually what they take as "commission" if it does not exceed 3 per cent. of the contributions. Taking £70,000,000 as a round figure of the public's annual stake in pool betting, the promoters' "commission" at 3 per cent. would be over £2,000,000; expenses, plus commission at 3 per cent., would add up to £14,000,000. The Government is "in the money," so are the promoters. So I suppose "on paper" is 1 per cent. of the public which finds this money in "lottery bonds" for the Exchequer and for the promoters, in the simplicity or altruism of the optimist who will cheerfully pay 1s. for one lucky dip in an enormous tub, wherein it is like looking for a needle in a haystack to spot the 6d. prize-packet. But the joke is obvious enough.

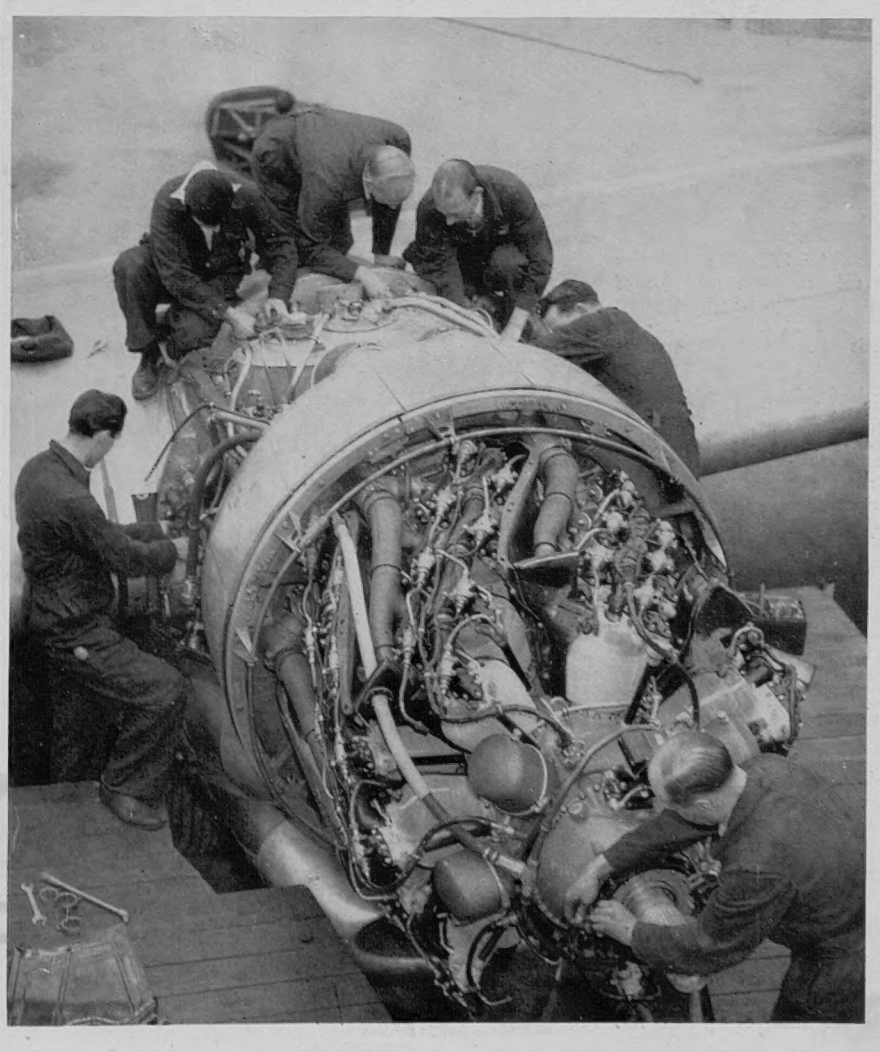
Annie, Store Your Gun.—Another shooting season has ended—the fiftieth since I kept a serious game-book. I suppose that is a childish thing for a man to do, though I derive vivid pleasure even now from the memories it brings back. It is, too, incomprehensible that a man who shudders at the suffering which Nature causes to animals, should enjoy adding to them, as he must sometimes do, even if he is a good shot. There is no answer to criticism. It is just one of those things in the complexity of human nature. I have to confess that my decision decades ago to live in the country and abandon the intellectual amenities and professional opportunities which London affords was largely due to this curious passion. And now I am on the last few pages of my enormous game-book, and I will fill them if spared, always provided that I acknowledge no decline in the degree of skill which I have acquired. A rather jejune season it was. For the first time in my life I shot more duck than grouse in Scotland, had practically no partridge shooting, and only made up with pheasants in the latter part of the season. Yet pheasants were plentiful even in our not very favourable county of Sussex, and cocks predominated, or, at any rate, predominated in our bags. We leave a good stock and there are enough partridges to afford as good a year again as modern methods of farming permit. And before Annie stores her gun there is much work to do among the jays, magpies and hoodies which will wage war on our song-birds and gardens. But for the grouse in those parts of Scotland which I know best, I fear the bell tolls, as it does for the owners of those famous moors which once provided a fine and consistent revenue. The grouse seem to have lost the power to survive the *normal* chances of weather which their ancestors always knew and overcame.

Traffic in Old Horses.—At last a Belgian Deputy has been found to brand the insensate cruelty of the import for slaughter of live animals and to urge its discontinuance. The Irish have long enjoyed the title of a race of horse-lovers. For my part, I think the tempted are more contemptible than the tempters in this traffic. If the Irish *are* horse-lovers, they have long practised an ungrateful habit of rewarding their four-footed friends at the end of a life of service by condemning them to days of agony before death. For agony it is, and no assurances can alter our opinion of this cruel and beastly traffic. I hope the Belgian Government will respond to M. Rombaut's plea and take from the Irish the title they have not deserved, and that the sailings of those torture hulks will remove at last another blot on what is still called civilisation. For it is not Belgium or Holland only which still approves this cruel traffic. Old, worn-out horses are, directly or obliquely, still sent for slaughter into England. We share the blame and the shame, and, if we are not totally cynics and hypocrites, we should set an example as a nation which boasts of its humanity. Humanity, sez he! And he enjoys blood sports! Human nature is complex and illogical and has its blind spots. Moreover, a pheasant cleanly killed has an end which any man might envy.

THE OLD STAGER

B.O.A.C. "CANOPUS" IS MADE READY FOR HER ROYAL PASSENGER





THE OVERHAUL AND SERVICING OF THE GIANT STRATOCRUISER "CANOPUS," IN WHICH PRINCESS MARGARET FLEW TO THE WEST INDIES LAST MONDAY: *Above* and *on left*—Workmen are seen making a thorough examination of *Canopus's* massive engines during the overhaul at London Airport. The Princess's accommodation was forward in the main cabin of the aircraft. Prior to her recent Royal trip, *Canopus* was engaged on the normal B.O.A.C. transatlantic passenger services. On her last return journey from the Caribbean she received damage to her flaps when landing on an icy airfield. *Canopus* has also been used for flights across the Atlantic by the Queen and the Prime Minister. Princess Margaret left London last Monday afternoon on the first stage of her journey to the Caribbean, flying via Jamaica, to Trinidad. Owing to the unserviceability of the main runway at McKinley Field, Bermuda, *Canopus* had had to be re-routed. At Trinidad the Princess arranged to go on board the Royal yacht *Britannia* and sail through the Caribbean, visiting such places as Barbados, Antigua, St. Kitt's and Jamaica. The Princess's month-long programme has been arranged so that she will be able to make at least one speech in each territory she visits, as well as replying to addresses of welcome. She will attend rallies of schoolchildren, and in Jamaica will be present at the tercentenary celebrations. Her Royal Highness is due to leave Nassau by air for this country on Wednesday, March 2.

"UP-HELLY-AA"

The Vikings Come Ashore in the Shetlands and Progress Through Lerwick in a Re-enactment of a Traditional Festival of the Seafaring Norsemen

THE VIKING CHIEF PUTS ON HIS ARMOUR : The Shetlanders wear authentic copies of Viking costume for the centuries-old celebration of Up-Helly-Aa. The boy is placing the helmet on the head of the Guizer Jarl—the leader of the "Guizers," the Norse seamen who sailed from here in bygone Ages.

THE "DRAGON" SHIP AND HER CREW : She is "beached" on the shore by Lerwick. Vessels of this kind, with fearsome prows, penetrated far across the Atlantic in distant times, and may have touched America long before the age of Columbus. To-day the Guizers honour their Viking ancestors "who ruled the vast ocean."

THE PROCESSION MARKS THE ADVENT OF SPRING : The Up-Helly-Aa festival was a pagan celebration at the end of the winter. In its re-enactment this year the modern Guizers of the Shetlands march from the shore, with the ship behind them, towards the centre of Lerwick.

On right—

TORCHLIGHT AND SONG : The longship is pulled by schoolboys between lines of adults in Norse costume and holding torches, while Viking songs are sung.

In the far north of Britain, in the Shetlands, the islanders have just celebrated a festival, of which the origins are lost in the obscurity of distant history. This is "Up-Helly-Aa," the Norse ceremony to herald the arrival of spring. In costume and choral processions, the people of Lerwick pay pious tribute to the days of their ancestors when, in the words of one of their processional songs, "the Grand Old Vikings ruled the vast ocean."

Characters represented are the Guizers—the Norse seamen who sailed far across the Atlantic and probably discovered America long before Columbus. Their leader is the Guizer Jarl, a part taken this year by Mr. J. M. McIntosh, who was born in Vancouver, Canada. He and his crew assemble on the shore in their longship which has a fearsome dragon prow. From there they and their craft progress through the streets. The climax comes in the evening. Boys pull the vessel through lines of torch-bearing Norsemen to the side of a loch. The Guizers circle round their ship, singing their traditional songs. Then the torches are thrown on the longship and in a blaze of glory she is transported to Valhalla.

During the day the Guizer Jarl has visited the hospital and, as befits a great leader, shown an interest in local welfare and development. The devotion of the natives of Lerwick to their tradition can be judged from the fact that this year over eighty telegrams were received on Up-Helly-Aa day from "exiles" all over the world.

On right—

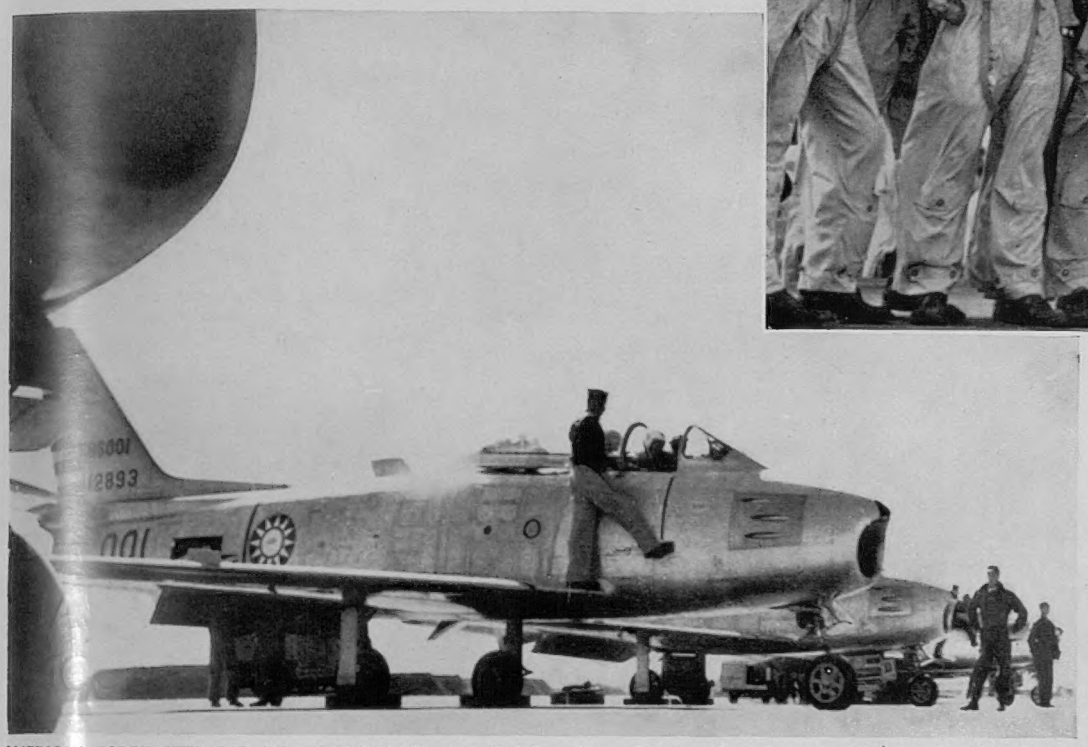
THE LONGSHIP IS DESPATCHED TO VALHALLA : By the side of a local loch the Guizers have set fire to their vessel. This is in accordance with the traditional Norse belief that she will go straight to Valhalla. This dramatic moment concludes the Shetland ceremony of Up-Helly-Aa.

FORMOSA AT BATTLE STATIONS

Supplies, Aircraft, and Men from the U.S. Forces Pour Into the Nationalist Island as the Evacuation of the Tachen Islands Gets Under Way

AMERICAN AIRMEN ARRIVE ON THE NATIONALIST ISLAND : Ground crew of the U.S. Air Force pitching their tents at a secret air base on Formosa. They were among the advance contingents of the U.S. Fifth Air Force sent to the island to assist in the possible evacuation of the Tachen islands.

NATIONALIST PILOTS READY TO GO : Pilots of the Chinese Nationalist Air Force receiving a final briefing at their Formosa air base before setting out on operations around the off-shore islands. They flew in American aircraft, some of which had only been supplied a few weeks ago.

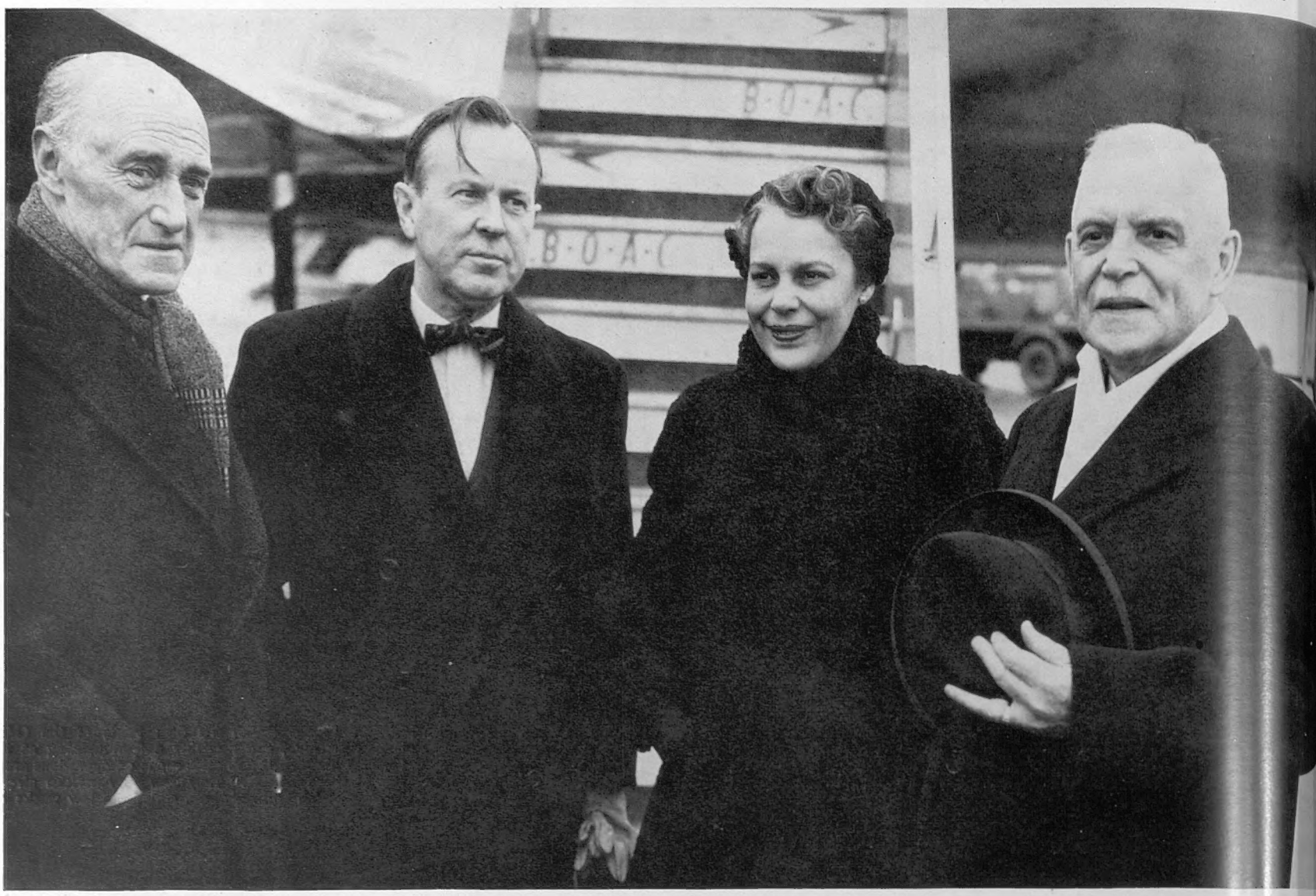


AMERICAN SABRE JETS FOR THE NATIONALIST AIR FORCE : These fighter aircraft, carrying the freshly-painted markings of the Nationalist Air Force, are lined up on a base south of Taipei ready to do battle against the Chinese Communist air forces. The Nationalists have received a good supply of Sabre jets.

AMERICAN AIRCRAFT LAND SUPPLIES : The jaws of a U.S. Air Force Globemaster open and a wrecking crane mounted on a large lorry emerges at an air base in Formosa.

One of the conditions on which President Eisenhower promised armed intervention if Formosa was threatened was that the Tachen Islands should be evacuated by the Chinese Nationalists. These off-shore islands, within range of the Communist guns on the mainland, have been used by General Chiang Kai-shek's forces mainly as a base for guerilla activities and for raiding parties on the Chinese mainland. They are quite clearly indefensible against a concerted attack, and the U.S. Government was not prepared to commit forces to such a forlorn battle. Nevertheless, the offer was made to cover the evacuation of the islands with all the means at the disposal of the Americans. The Seventh Fleet and the Fifth Air Force were deployed for this purpose, and, in addition, large quantities of stores were flown to the island of Formosa. The U.S. Air Force also sent further squadrons of Sabre jet fighters to the Nationalist Air Force to assist in the operation. General Chiang Kai-shek was reported to have been naturally reluctant to withdraw from a base so usefully close to the Chinese mainland. But he could hardly have hoped for more than the American support, which promises to bring back safely to Nationalist Formosa 20,000 of his troops and some 8,000 civilians.

CIVILIANS AND WOUNDED ARE THE FIRST TO BE EVACUATED FROM THE TACHEN ISLANDS : *On left*—Women and children disembarking from a Nationalist warship at Keelung, on Formosa. They were the first of some 8,000 civilians living on the Tachen islands who were evacuated to the main Nationalist stronghold. *On right*—A sick Nationalist soldier is assisted from the warship by a hospital orderly. The evacuation of the Tachens followed the U.S. decision not to help defend these off-shore islands.



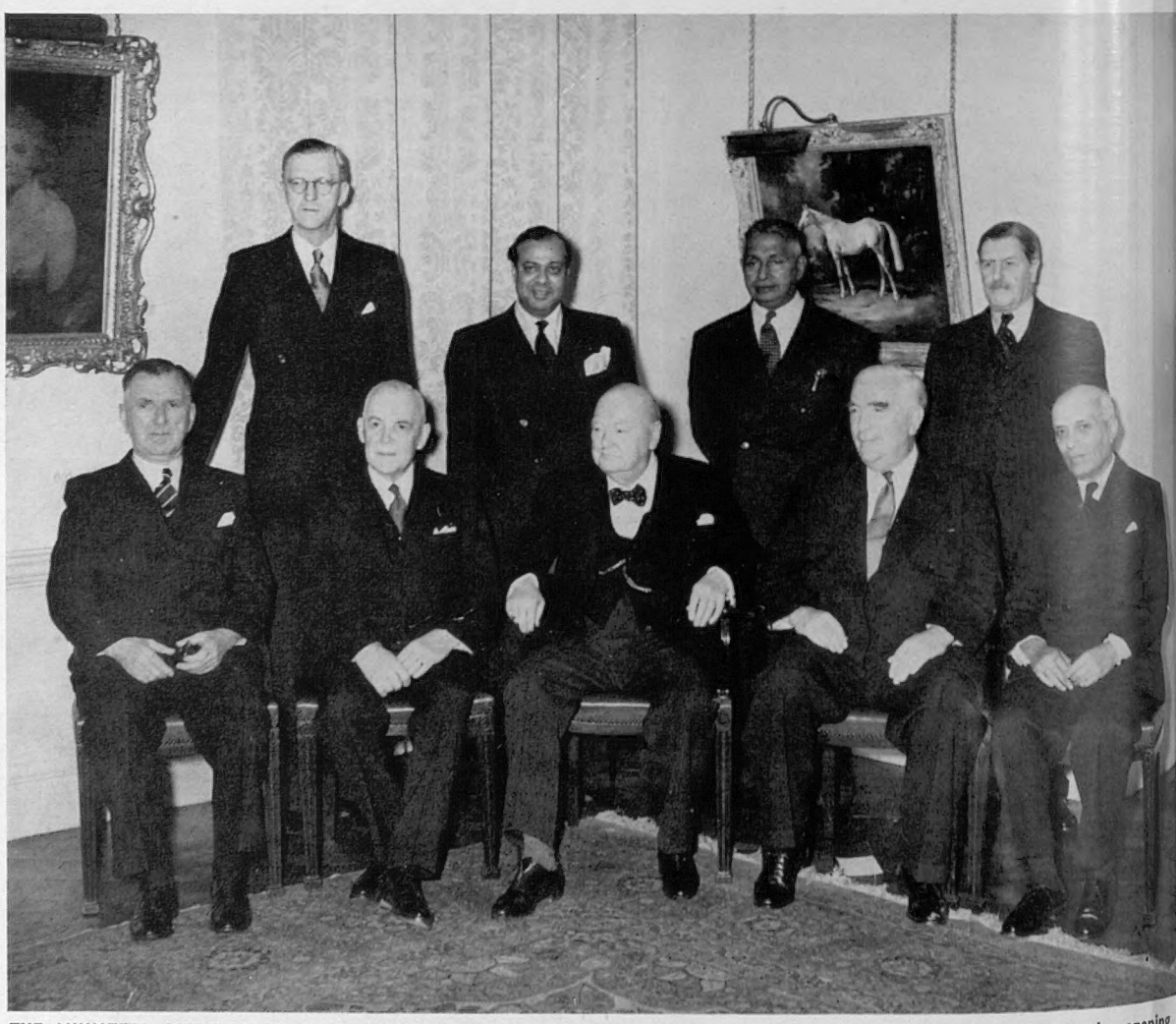
THE SECRETARY OF STATE MEETS COMMONWEALTH VISITORS AT LONDON AIRPORT : Viscount Swinton, extreme left, with leaders of the Canadian delegation to the Conference of Commonwealth Ministers which opened in London on Monday. With the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations are, from right, Mr. L. St. Laurent, the Canadian Prime Minister ; Mrs. Mathieu Sansom, his daughter ; and Mr. Lester B. Pearson, the Canadian Secretary for External Affairs.

THE COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE IN LONDON

The Ministers of Eight Countries Assemble for Ten Days of Talks in Downing Street

PREMIER OF A REPUBLIC ? Mr. Mohammed Ali, the Prime Minister of Pakistan, arriving in London from New York. He has said that Pakistan intends to become a Republic within the Commonwealth. The status of his country will be discussed at the Conference.

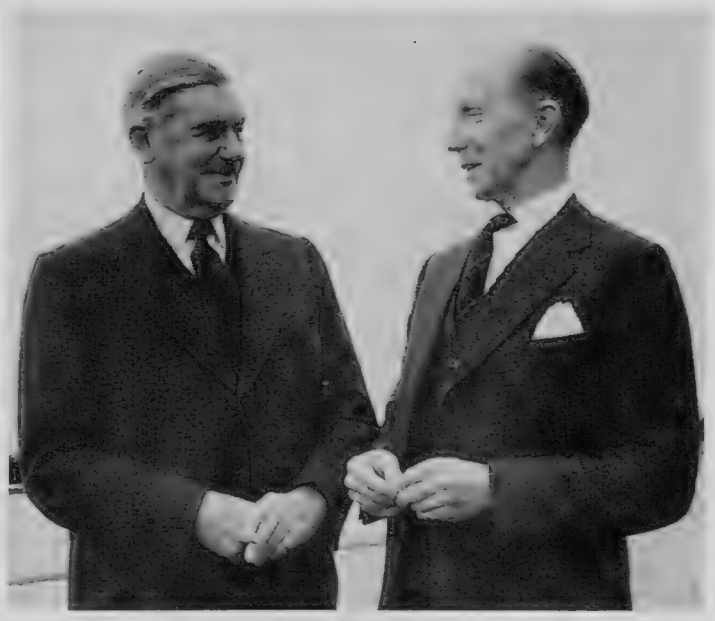
HIS FIRST COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE AS PRIME MINISTER : Sir John Kotelawala, the Prime Minister of Ceylon, has represented his country at many international gatherings, and is no stranger to the other Commonwealth Ministers.



THE MINISTERS ASSEMBLE IN DOWNING STREET : Sir Winston Churchill with the Commonwealth Ministers at the opening the Conference in London. Sitting are, from left, Mr. Sidney Holland (New Zealand) ; Mr. Louis St. Laurent (Canada Sir Winston Churchill (United Kingdom) ; Mr. Robert Menzies (Australia) ; and Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru (India). Standi are, from left, Mr. Charles Swart (South Africa) ; Mr. Mohammed Ali (Pakistan) ; Sir John Kotelawala (Ceylon) ; a Sir Godfrey Huggins (Central Africa Federation). The Conference is being held in the Cabinet room at No.

E PRIME MINI ER OF AUSTRALIA ENGAGES IN NON-POLITICAL CTIVITIES : Mr. R. G. Menzies laying the founda n-stone of the new pavilion which is being bu for the East Molesey Cricket Club. At the ex me left can be seen Sir Pelham Warner. e Australian Premier entered the ground th gh the Menzies gate, which commemorate is life membership of the club.

NEW ZEALAND'S PRIME MINISTER WAVES A GREETING : Mr. Sidney Holland looks cheerful on his arrival at London Airport. A few hours later it was learned in New York that the New Zealand delegate to the United Nations had taken the initiative in calling for a meeting of the Security Council to bring about a cease-fire in the Formosa Straits, and to invite the Chinese Communist Government to send a representative to the United Nations while the matter is discussed.



Below—

PANDIT NEHRU IS WELCOMED TO LONDON : The Indian Prime Minister on his arrival at London Airport was greeted by, left, Mr. Krishna Menon, leader of the Indian delegation at the United Nations ; Mrs. Pandit, Mr. Nehru's sister, who is Indian High Commissioner in London ; and Viscount Swinton.

A BRITISH-BORN PRIME MINISTER ARRIVES : Sir Godfrey Huggins, left, Prime Minister of the Central African Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, with the Federation's High Commissioner in London, Sir Gilbert Rennie. Sir Godfrey, born in Kent, expressed satisfaction with the first year of the Federation.

REPRESENTING SOUTH AFRICA : Mr. C. R. Swart, the South African Minister of Justice, seen in London. Mr. Strijdom is the only Commonwealth Prime Minister who was unable to attend the Conference. The new session of Parliament in Cape Town prevented him from making the journey to London.

LANDING ON A MOVING AIRSTRIP

Dramatic Pictures Taken from a Plane Landing on an Aircraft-carrier

A PILOT'S VIEW OF A TOUCH-DOWN ON THE DECK OF AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: These four pictures were taken from a Banshee jet aircraft landing on the United States attack carrier *Essex*. *In the top* photograph the Banshee is approaching the carrier in a shallow bank from the port side. The batsman can be seen giving the "Roger" sign, meaning that the pilot is correct in his height, speed and angle of approach. *In the picture below* this, the pilot has completed his turn and now has the landing-deck straight ahead. The port wing is still slightly low and the batsman is signalling "lean out." *The third* picture shows that the aircraft is on an even keel and only a few feet above the deck. The pilot has been given the "cut" sign and is about to touch down. *At the bottom of the page* is the pilot's view as his aircraft is brought to a halt by the arrester wires. The emergency barriers erected to prevent the aircraft crashing into the planes parked at the forward end are **lowered, and ground crew run to direct the pilot as he taxies forward.** The F2H-2P Banshee, from which these photographs were taken, is a 600-m.p.h. twin jet aircraft. Its approach is made at an airspeed of some 125 miles per hour, which leaves little time for the pilot and the landing signal officer to correct mistakes. The time interval between the first and second pictures is only two seconds. The two bottom pictures illustrate very clearly the case for the angled deck. The *Essex* is a straight-deck carrier, and the rather fearsome spectacle of aircraft parked at the forward end faces the pilot on every landing he makes. If his aircraft's arrester hook fails to engage, the pilot has no alternative but to fly straight into the emergency barrier at about 80 miles per hour. Few pilots escape going through this experience at least once during their flying careers. On an aircraft-carrier fitted with an angled deck, an aircraft failing to "find a wire" would fly straight off the side and would be able to make another attempt to land.

"MONARCH," THE LARGEST CABLE SHIP IN THE WORLD, WILL LAY THE ATLANTIC TELEPHONE LINK BETWEEN BRITAIN AND AMERICA: The 8,050-ton H.M. Telegraph Ship *Monarch* is here seen off the Aberdeenshire coast after completing a routine cable-laying operation linking Scotland and Norway. At her bows the cable ends are being spliced. In July *Monarch* will begin laying the first transatlatic telephone cable.

THE TELEPHONE UNDER THE ATLANTIC

Work has Now Begun on the Production of the First Transatlantic Telephone Cable, and in July the Arduous Operation of Laying It to Link Scotland with Newfoundland Will be Started

By C. DOUGLAS WOODWARD

HANGING in one of the rooms at Post Office headquarters in London there is a map of the North Atlantic on which a heavy black line curves across the ocean from Oban, half-way up the west coast of Scotland, to Clarenville, in Newfoundland. Post Office technicians, serious-minded men not normally given to emotion in their work, eye this map with something approaching enthusiasm—and a vaguely harassed air. For behind it lies the story of 100 years of endeavour and the promise of a new era in world communications.

The Clarenville-Oban line indicates the route of the world's longest and deepest underwater telephone link which, starting this summer, is to be laid across the bed of the Atlantic. When it is completed, at the end of 1956, it will be possible to telephone Washington, New York or Toronto from Britain, and vice versa, in the certain knowledge that whatever the time or weather, both sides will be as "loud and clear" as though making an ordinary trunk call in their own countries.

It was just over a year ago that the G.P.O., the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Canadian Overseas Telecommunication Corporation announced their plan for laying a transatlantic telephone cable to supplement and, perhaps, eventually replace the existing radio links which suffer the double disadvantage of being unreliable in quality and limited in the number of messages they can handle. The new service will allow for thirty-six simultaneous messages to be piped 2,250 miles along the bed of the Atlantic through twin armoured cables (one for each direction of transmission) running from Scotland to Newfoundland. At Clarenville a single cable will take over these messages and convey them a further 360 miles westwards across Newfoundland, through the waters of Fortune Bay, to the mainland of Canada at Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia. Here, the telephone calls will leave the cable for re-transmission by micro-wave radio relay on the last lap of their journey to Montreal or New York. The cost of this ambitious scheme will be £12,500,000.

Since 1927 it has been possible to speak to Canada and the United States over the radio-telephone, which sends out a call over the Atlantic in the form of radio waves, just as a wireless programme is transmitted, the call being picked up in New York or Montreal by the equivalent of a radio receiver. While there is always a good chance that a call will not be unduly delayed, and that conversation will be audible in both directions, all too often an important business talk fades away or is killed by atmospherics. The main drawbacks of the radio-telephone are the shortage of wave-lengths (there are only sixteen circuits and little likelihood of an expansion), and the bad atmospheric conditions over the North Atlantic, which suffers from more than its share of fading and electrical disturbances.

There exists a second means of transatlantic communication, the telegraph cable, which conveys the dots and dashes of the morse code over a live electric wire. This method is the senior partner in Anglo-American communication, for it was nearly 100 years ago that the first such cable was laid along the Atlantic ocean bed. In 1857 one of England's "wooden walls," the frigate *Agamemnon*, was pressed into service as the

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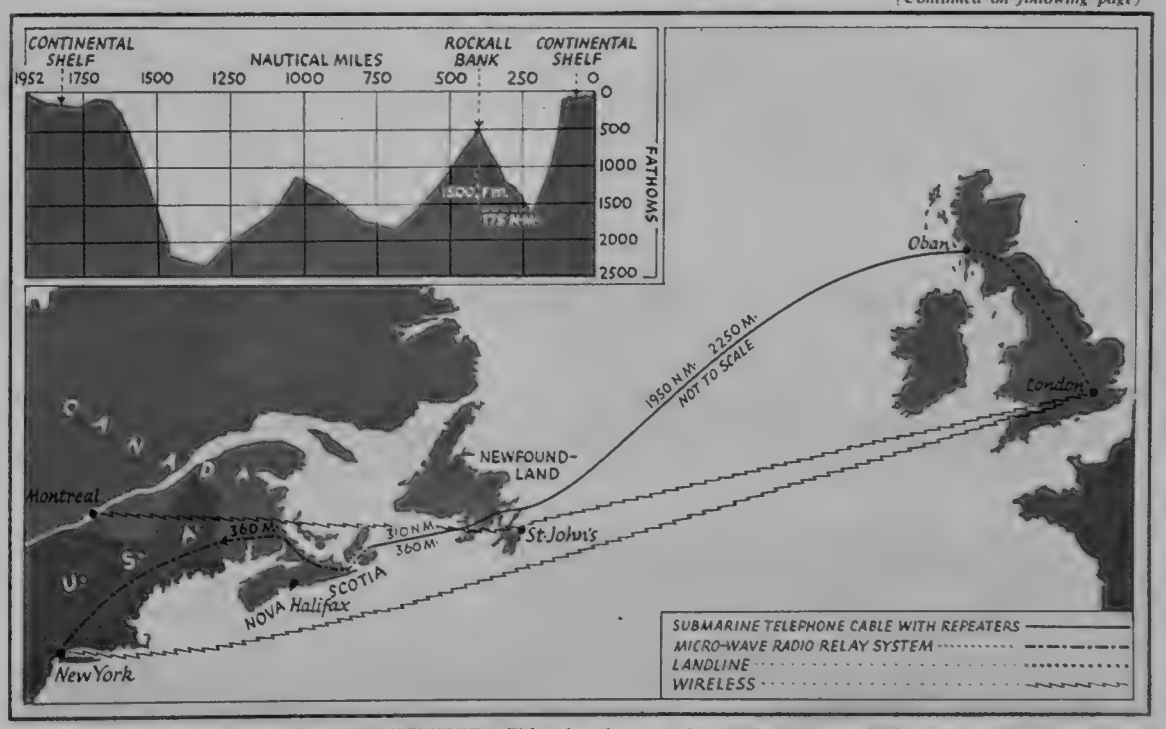


THE ROUTE OF THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONE: This sketch-map shows the proposed link between London and New York, via the submarine telephone cable between Scotland and Newfoundland. Inset is a diagrammatic representation of the varying depths of the Atlantic through which the cable will have to pass.

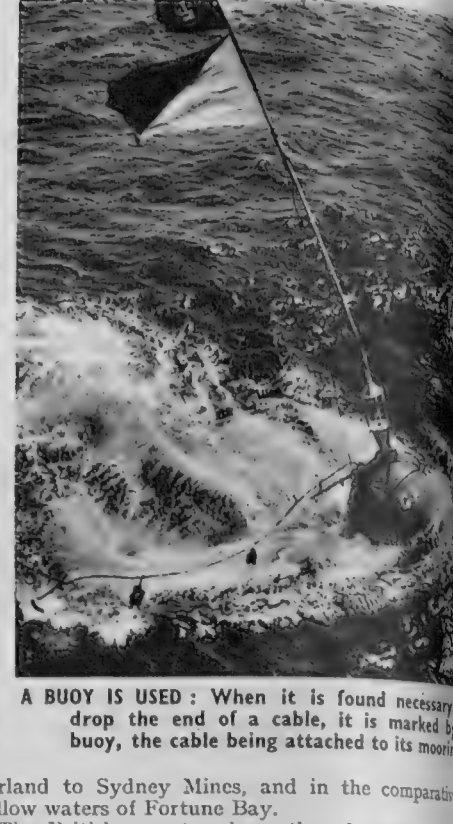
THE TELEPHONE UNDER THE ATLANTIC

(*Continued from previous page*)

first transatlantic cable ship, and in August of that year the first message was tapped out between the old and the new worlds at the rate of about two words a minute. Alas, the cable was not stout enough to survive the buffetings of the Atlantic and after only a few weeks the line failed. But the first step had been taken and in eight years' time a second cable was successfully laid. Twenty such lines now span the ocean to Newfoundland, entering the Atlantic at Land's End.

The new telephone may well be said to combine the best features of both existing methods of transatlantic communication, having the reliability of the underwater cable plus the flexibility of conversation offered by the telephone.

ABOARD THE CABLE SHIP : The after paying-out machine on *Monarch*. On the ship there are four cylindrical cable tanks which enable her to carry about 2,500 nautical miles of deep-sea cable.



A BUOY IS USED : When it is found necessary drop the end of a cable, it is marked b buoy, the cable being attached to its moori

It may be asked why it is that, as there has been a transatlantic telegraphic link for so long, it is only now that a telephone line is to be laid. The answer is that the transmission of speech by wire over long distances is a very much more complex affair than sending out a simple morse signal. It has been only comparatively recently that a number of technical advances have made the transatlantic telephone project feasible.

The first of these advances was the introduction, first on land and then in the sea, of what is called the coaxial cable, the make-up of which is shown in the diagram on the opposite page. This cable consists, basically, of a central conductor wire separated by a layer of insulating material from a second conductor made up of copper bands. These two conductors provide a path over which a large number of telephone conversations can be carried on at the same time.

The layman's mind may boggle at the thought of so many separate conversations being carried in the narrow confines of a telephone cable. How is it that they are kept apart? How is this jumble of sound sorted out into intelligent conversation at the receiving end? The explanation is that in modern telephony the carrier cable fulfils the same function as the ether does in radio. At a certain stage of its journey an individual telephone call (with hundreds of others) enters a transmitter and each is allocated its own wavelength. The cable wire can be regarded as a band divided into several hundred separate channels, each one capable of accepting only the message directed into it. The whole complicated affair is made possible by the use of radio valves which, at the receiving end, pick up the appropriate message just as a wireless set is tuned to receive the one station it is desired to hear. Land lines in Britain to-day are built to carry 960 simultaneous telephone conversations; because of the greater distances involved in the transatlantic project no more than thirty-six will be handled at a time.

A second important development was the introduction of a new insulating material called polythene to separate the two conductor wires. Polythene was discovered by Imperial Chemical Industries in 1933, but it was not until the start of the last war that this tough, durable plastic material came into its own as a cable insulant. It proved its worth in defence cables around the coasts of Britain and it followed closely behind Allied troops in helping to establish communications with the Continent after the Normandy landings in 1944. American engineers jointly engaged with the Post Office on the new transatlantic cable are agreed that polythene will be more effective than any existing material in reducing loss of strength of conversation as it is carried across the ocean bed.

But neither the coaxial cable nor the use of polythene could themselves make the Atlantic project possible; the distance is so great that communications would be lost soon after they began their undersea journey. To rectify the loss of strength which speech is bound to suffer, a system of amplifiers is being built into the cable. Each amplifier (or "repeater" as it is called) has the task of magnifying all the conversations up to a million-fold. On the long Atlantic crossing, fifty-two of these repeaters, spaced at intervals of about 42 miles (and fed by a 4,000 volts current), will pick up the rapidly fading voice signals and thrust them at greatly increased power on the next lap of their journey so that the words will be nearly as clear at Clarenville as when they left Oban.

The repeaters used in this part of the line will be American. Although the repeater contains three valves and no fewer than sixty other delicate electrical components, it is built in the form of a narrow tube, under 3 ins. in diameter, which forms a part of the actual cable. Being flexible it can be wound on to a ship's cable drum.

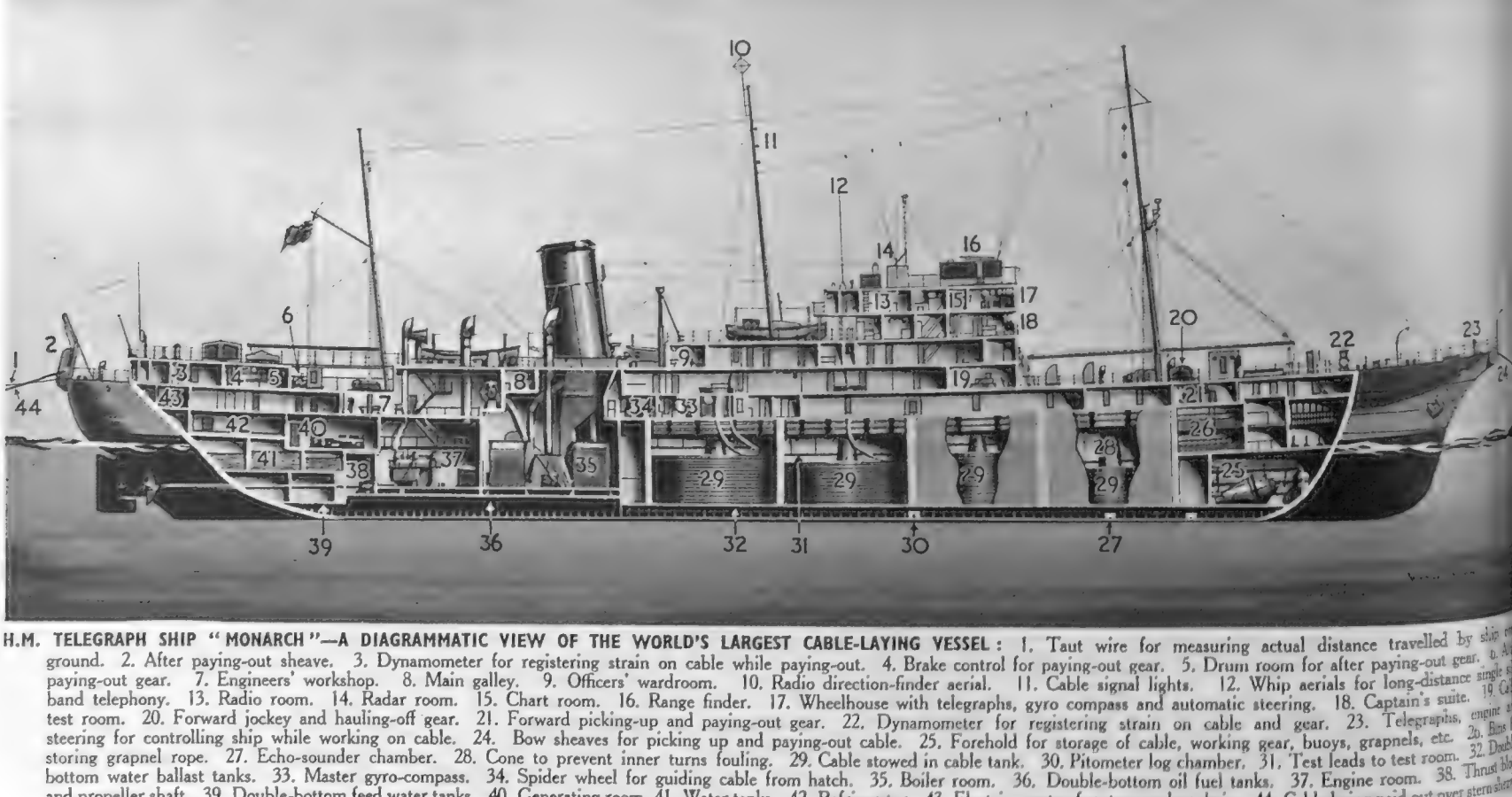
The British repeater—which was first in service for submarine telephony—is a bigger, solid-looking job, looking rather like an oxygen cylinder, measuring nearly 9 ft. in length and with an outside diameter of 10½ ins.; it is normally used in the shallow waters between Britain and the Continent. This heavier "rigid" repeater cannot pass round the cable drum, and until special machinery is available it has to be lowered from the cable ship by a hoist. British repeaters are being used only in the section from Clarenville, overland to Sydney Mines, and in the comparati shallow waters of Fortune Bay.

The British repeaters have the advantage of be able to boost speech in both directions, whereas American variety, because of their much smaller inte can only magnify sound in one direction. This is reason why, on the main cable crossing from Oba Clarenville, twin cables are to be laid. One will c messages from America to Britain and the other t east-west conversation. In future long-distance s marine cable projects the British type of repeater m be used throughout.

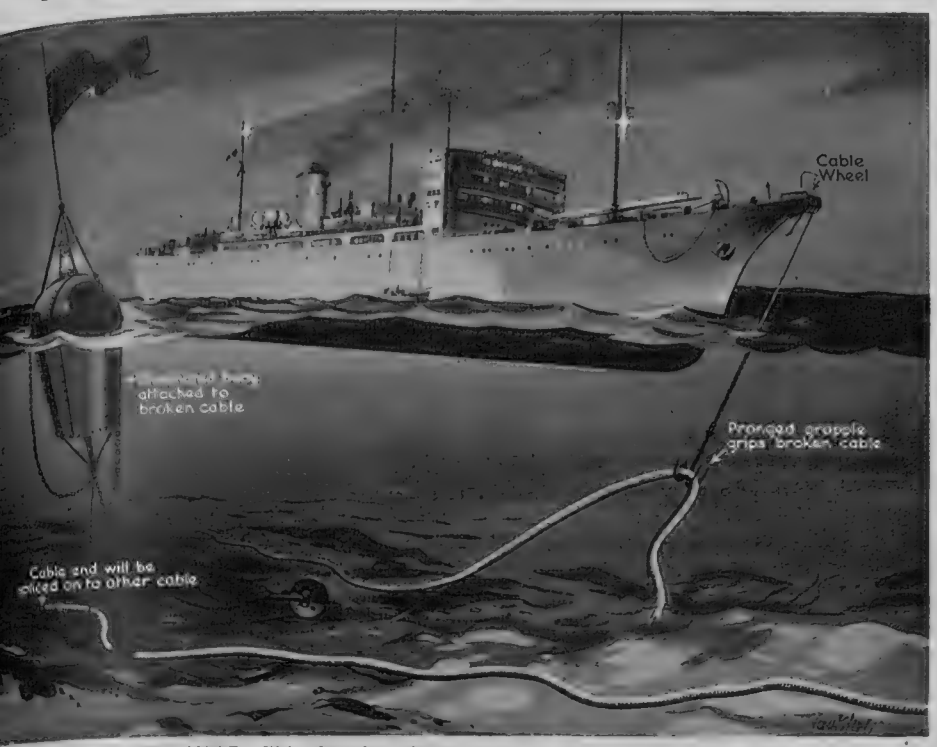
Most of the cable for the Oban-Clarenville sect of the line and the whole of the single cable connecti Newfoundland with the mainland of Canada is be made in Britain. Submarine Cables Ltd., the compa awarded this £5,000,000 contract, has built a new fact at Erith, in Kent, on Thames-side, to handle the without having to interrupt its day-to-day production other work. It shows something of the continuity work which has been put in on transatlantic co munications that the parent companies of Subma Cables were themselves concerned in laying the earl telegraph cables across the Atlantic in the 18 and 1870's.

More than 200 technicians and operatives are eng at Erith on the production of the cables, whose list ingredients reads a little like the publicity blurb Hollywood film studio: 2,700 tons of copper, 1,400 of polythene, 11,000 tons of steel wire, 1,800 tons jute yarn and 2,400,000 yards of cotton cloth. T steel wire, jute yarn and cotton cloth are used to pro successive protective layers for the inner conductors.

The whole process of manufacture is automa The central copper conductor passes through a machi

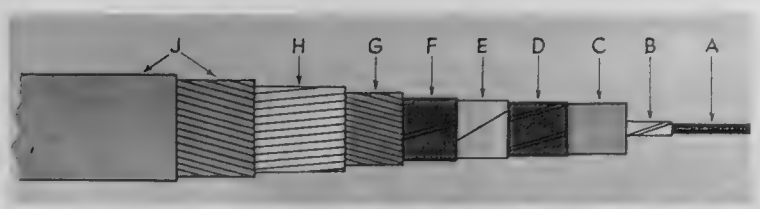


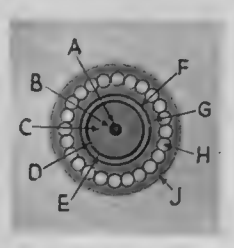
H.M. TELEGRAPH SHIP "MONARCH"—A DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST CABLE-LAYING VESSEL: 1. Taut wire for measuring actual distance travelled by ship ove ground. 2. After paying-out sheave. 3. Dynamometer for registering strain on cable while paying-out. 4. Brake control for paying-out gear. 5. Drum room for after paying-out gear. 6. A paying-out gear. 7. Engineers' workshop. 8. Main galley. 9. Officers' wardroom. 10. Radio direction-finder aerial. 11. Cable signal lights. 12. Whip aerials for long-distance single s band telephony. 13. Radio room. 14. Radar room. 15. Chart room. 16. Range finder. 17. Wheelhouse with telegraphs, gyro compass and automatic steering. 18. Captain's suite. 19. Ca test room. 20. Forward jockey and hauling-off gear. 21. Forward picking-up and paying-out gear. 22. Dynamometer for registering strain on cable and gear. 23. Telegraphs, engine s steering for controlling ship while working on cable. 24. Bow sheaves for picking up and paying-out cable. 25. Forehold for storage of cable, working gear, buoys, grapnels, etc. 26. Bins storing grapnel rope. 27. Echo-sounder chamber. 28. Cone to prevent inner turns fouling. 29. Cable stowed in cable tank. 30. Pitometer log chamber. 31. Test leads to test room. 32. Double bottom water ballast tanks. 33. Master gyro-compass. 34. Spider wheel for guiding cable from hatch. 35. Boiler room. 36. Double-bottom oil fuel tanks. 37. Engine room. 38. Thrust bl and propeller shaft. 39. Double-bottom feed water tanks. 40. Generating room. 41. Water tanks. 42. Refrigerator. 43. Electric capstan for stern anchor chain. 44. Cable being paid out over stern sheave



ALING WITH BROKEN CABLE : This drawing shows how a pronged grapple, operated from the bows of *Monarch*, is used to haul to the surface a portion of broken cable. The other broken portion is meanwhile supported by a specially-lit and flagged buoy.

DEALING WITH FAULTY CABLE : Two men from *Monarch* securing faulty cable before it is hauled in-board. One end of the cable is held by a Lucas grapnel.





THE MAKE-UP OF THE TRANSATLANTIC COAXIAL CABLE : A side view and, *at left*, a head-on view of a coaxial cable 1.21 ins. in diameter. The various parts making up the cable are : A. Centre conductor, copper. B. Three copper surround tapes. C. Polythene. D. Six copper return tapes. E. Overlapped copper teredo tape. F. Gapped Telconax tape. G. One serving of cutched jute. H. Twenty-four high-tensile steel armour wires. J. Two impregnated jute servings. The six copper return tapes act as a second conductor.

INSIDE THE ERITH WORKS WHERE THE CABLE IS MADE : A view of the assembly-line system at the Kent works of Submarine Cables Ltd. Here auxiliary wire, part of the cable, is seen receiving a coating.

On right—

THE FIRST TRANSATLANTIC CABLE SHIP : The frigate *Agamemnon* laying the first Atlantic telegraph cable in 1857. This cable, however, lasted only a few weeks.

AT THE END OF A CABLE-LAYING OPERATION : The scene on board *Monarch* as the English end of the Anglo-Danish coaxial submarine cable is brought on board. The cable ship has 130 men on board and can remain at sea for 100 days without refuelling or entering port, for she carries abnormal quantities of fuel, stores and fresh water.

nich gives it a coating of polythene insulant. Another achine applies a layer of six copper tapes (the outer nductor), a binding tape and a jute protective layer. rmouring machines apply a further covering of twenty-ur steel wires and two more layers of jute, the outer yer being impregnated with tar. These, and several her operations, ensure that the cable will stand up to e wear and tear of laying and a life beneath the ocean ave. As the cable is made, the repeaters, delivered om the United States, will be spliced in and the whole ble wound into the factory storage tanks to await the rival, in July, of the cable-laying ship *Monarch*.

Monarch, 8,050 tons, is the largest cable ship in the orld, the successor of two previous ships of the same me, both of which were sunk by mines—one during e 1914–18 war and the second during the last war. readiness for her arrival this summer at Erith, a ecial berth has been prepared alongside the cable ctory. *Monarch* will take on board the whole of the st 1,700 miles of deep-water cable which she will lay one operation from west to east, that is starting at arenville and working across to Oban. The cable, eighing over 3 tons a mile, will be unwound from the nms in *Monarch's* storage tanks, and lowered over iding tackle at her stern. Great care has to be taken avoid twisting or kinking the cable as it goes down, easy matter when there is as much as ten miles of ck trailing out between the ship and the ocean bed, nich in parts is more than two-and-a-half miles deep. *Monarch* will, roughly speaking, aim to maintain a raight course between Clarenville and Oban, a line nich avoids the existing telegraph cables to the south d some of the deeper " holes " in the sea bed. Much pends on the weather. The job of laying one direction cable should take about twelve days, though the nole of August and early September (the Atlantic's riod of greatest calm) will be available for this difficult eration. The second cable will be laid across the lantic in the following summer.

The difficulty of laying is only surpassed by that of rrying out repairs. Any fault has to be located, the ble (and repeater) raised by means of grappling equip-ent and the repair carried out at sea under possibly d weather conditions. Such an operation might take to three weeks and cost over £1,000 a day. To oid the necessity for such repairs the valves and other uipment in the repeaters have been built to last for enty years without replacement. This has involved ndards of specification, construction and testing, far re severe than anything previously attempted. It ll, however, place British firms in an ideal position cope with the increased orders for cables which are pected to follow the successful laying of the nsatlantic line.

What are the eventual effects of the cable likely to ? In addition to giving a vastly improved telephone vice between Britain and North America it will be ssible to provide, through London, a connection tween incoming calls from any European country and e transatlantic line, thus linking Paris, Berne and rlin with New York. There is the promise of an proved telegraph service between Britain and Austral-a *via* Vancouver. And, to stimulate the imagination, ble engineers are now looking forward to the day when underwater line similar to the new telephone wire ll be used to pipe a television picture—in colour as ll as black and white—along the bed of the Atlantic. This project is probably still some years away, as a evision cable would need repeaters every ten miles so, at present far too many to provide with current d maintain in perfect condition. But new equipment, nich will eventually replace the ordinary valve now ed, is on its way to speed the day when British viewers ll see a New York television show, and businessmen ay even be able to maintain visual control over their anch factories on the other side of the ocean.

WORLD REVIEW

A PICTORIAL ACCOUNT OF RECE
NEWS EVENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA, EGY
THE FAR EAST, IRELAND AND AMER

THE OPENING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PARLIAMENT : The Governor-General's open coach, escorted by mounted police, passing through Cape Town streets, lined by members of the Union Active Citizen Force, on its way to the Parliament Building. The Governor-General of South Africa, Dr. E. G. Jansen, accompanied by his wife, opened the third session of the Union's eleventh Parliament. In the speech from the Throne, the Governor-General indicated that the Government would proceed with its plans to change the coloured franchise, and to try to establish the sovereignty of Parliament against possible challenge from the courts. The leader of the Opposition, Mr. J. G. N. Strauss, described the question of sovereignty as an obsession of the Prime Minister's. He also challenged Mr. Strydom to state his attitude towards establishing a republic.

THE NEW PREMIER AT THE CEREMONY : Mr. Strydom arri at the Union Parliament in Cape Town with his and his daughter Estelle. This was Mr. Strydom's opening of Parliament since he became Prime Mini

THE ARAB LEAGUE MEETS IN CAIRO TO DISCUSS THE TURKISH-IRAQI DEFENCE AGREEMENT : On the left-hand side of the table are the representatives of Syria, Saudi Arabia and the Lebanon, and opposite them, from right, the Prime Minister of Jordan ; the Egyptian Premier, Colonel Nasser ; Major Salah Salem, and other Egyptian representatives. The meeting of the Arab League was called to discuss the defence agreement which was signed last month by Iraq and Turkey. The most virulent reaction to this treaty came from Egypt, where a violent campaign against it and against the Iraq Prime Minister, Nuri es-Said, was carried out by Government spokesmen and the Press. Egypt called for a conference of Arab League States, but Nuri es-Said declined to attend for reasons of health. This led to still further Egyptian attacks on the Iraqi Prime Minister, but after a meeting of other members of the League it was decided that they should not discuss the issues until Iraq was represented. The main Egyptian objection to the Turkish-Iraqi defence agreement is that the Arab League's own defensive alliances, in which Egypt plays the central role, are self-sufficient, and that external alliances only serve to weaken the Arab League defensive system. On the other hand, the Iraqi argue that their country is more directly threatened from the north and east than any of the other League states, and that there is ample precedent for supplementing the League defensive system with additional external alliances. Egypt herself, it was pointed out, has in the past found it expedient to take such a course, notably when Mussolini threatened Africa.

FLARE-UP OFF THE CHINA COAST : A Chinese Nationalist transp set on fire by bombs from attacking Communist airc during one of their recent attacks on the Tachen Islan The flare-up in the Nationalist-held islands off the coast of C has led to urgent measures in Formosa and Washington. Presi Eisenhower gained the consent of Congress to use armed force w out having to consult Congress beforehand if Formosa and Pescadores are threatened by Communist Chinese forces. Tachen Islands are not included in these plans, which are based the U.S.-Chinese Nationalist agreement signed earlier. These isla which are indefensible against concerted attack from the mainl are being evacuated under cover of the United States Seve Fleet. First civilians, and then the 20,000 Nationalist soldiers th are being taken to Formosa. Meanwhile, the Peking Governm reaffirmed its claims to Formosa, and scoffed at President Eisenhow suggestion that a truce be established off the coast of China thro the good offices of the United Nations. Even if the Tachen Isla are evacuated, it is not clear what will be the situation of the isl of Quemoy, the largest of the off-shore bases held by Gen Chiang Kai-shek. The Nationalists claim that it is essential to defence of Formosa, but Quemoy is not included in the agreem or in President Eisenhower's far-reaching request. Throughout days of crisis Admiral Pride, Commander of the Seventh Fl has been in Formosa conferring with Nationalist leaders and acting a link between General Chiang Kai-shek and President Eisenhow

On left—

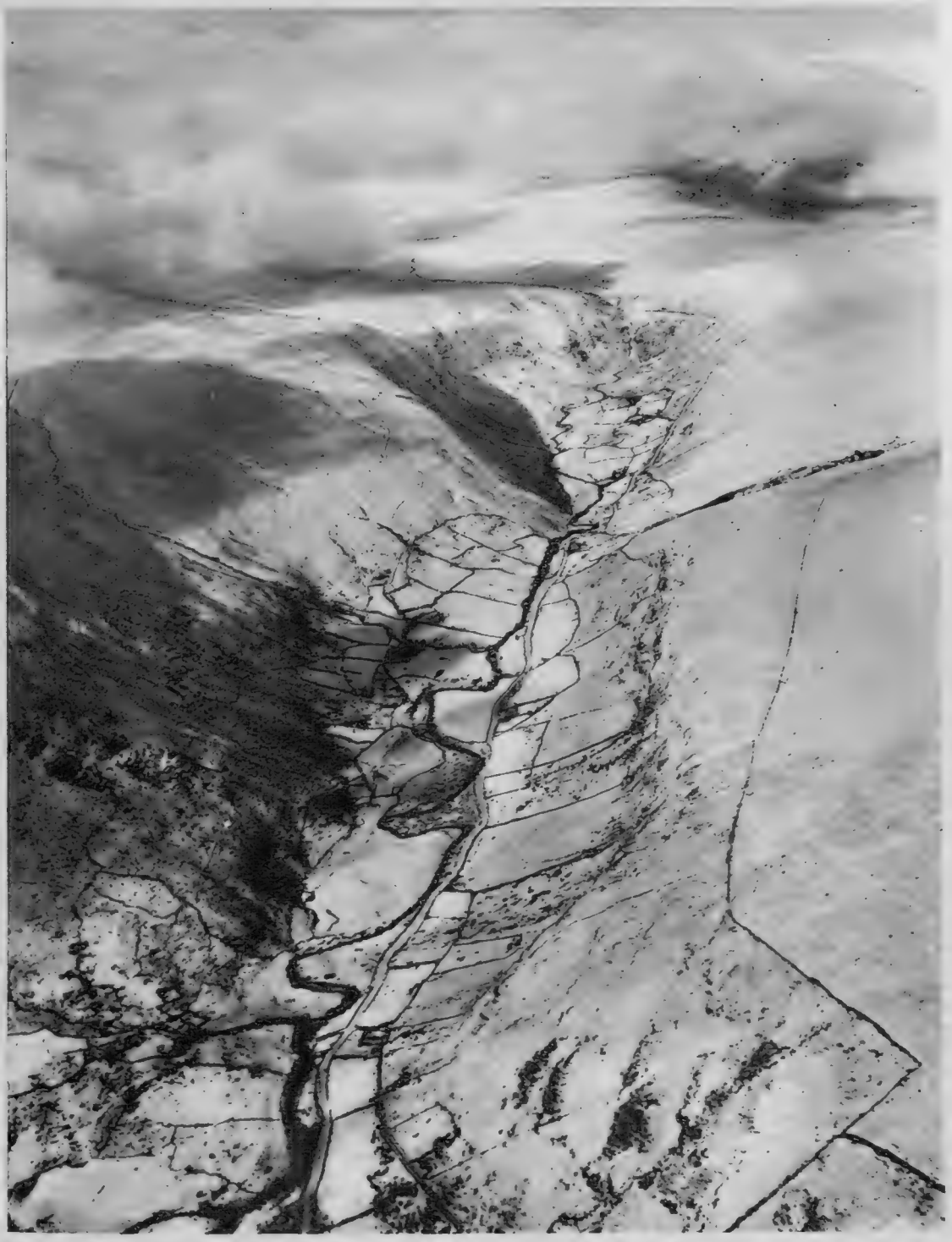
STORMY-WEATHER COMRADES : Vice-Admiral Alfred M. Pride, Co mander of the Seventh Fleet, with General Chiang Kai-sh when the Nationalist leader visited the submarine Cho

AMERICAN PRISONERS IN CHINA—A SERIES OF PICTURES BROUGHT BACK FROM PEKING BY MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD : A game of volley ball being played by the prisoners in their compound. When the Secretary-General of the United Nations, Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, went to Peking last month to try to secure the release of the American airmen imprisoned by the Chinese, he was given photographs of the prisoners. These have now been released by the United States Department of Defence, and have been sent on to the next-of-kin of the prisoners, together with medical reports on the prisoners' health. The pictures were made by Chinese officials, but it was not stated when. Mr. Hammarskjöld did not secure the release of the prisoners, but he did bring back an offer to the relatives of some of the prisoners to visit them in China. The American State Department called this a propaganda move and has, for the time being, refused facilities for such visits.

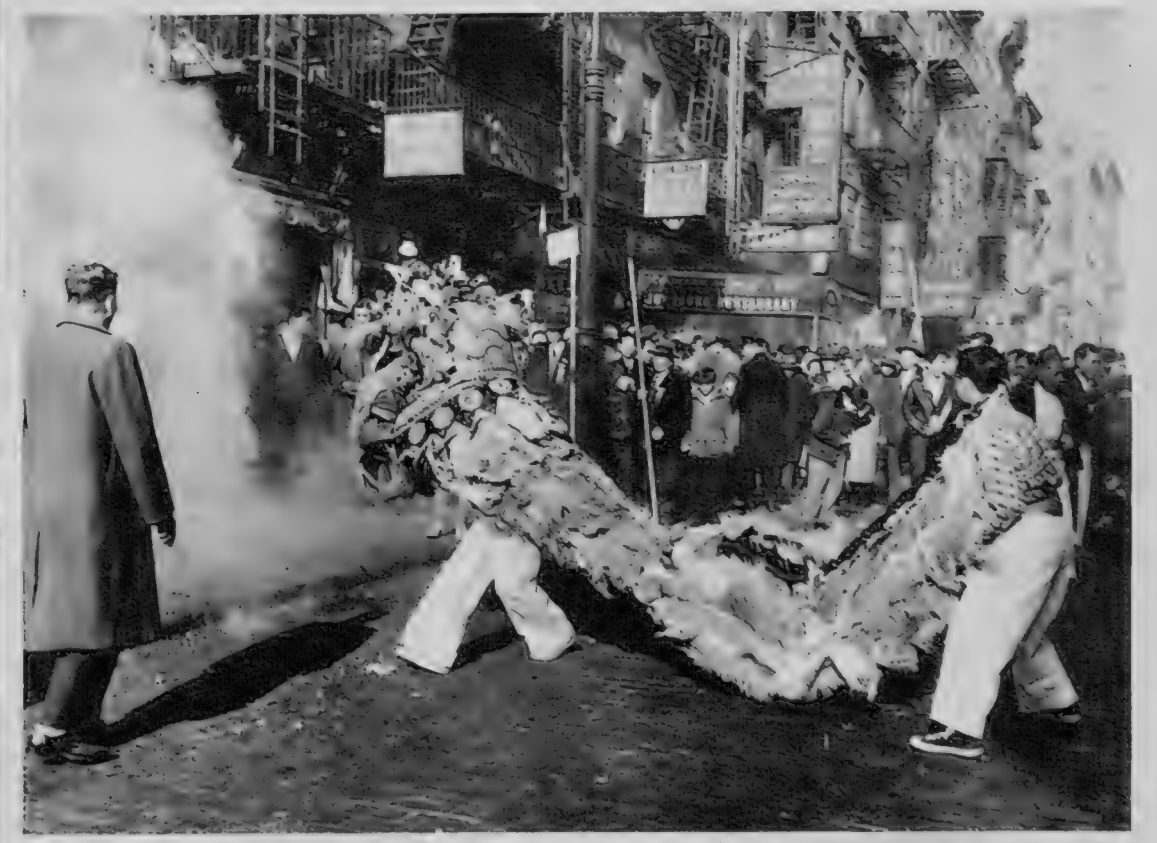
AT TABLE TENNIS : There seems to be little joy or enthusiasm among the prisoners in this bare recreation room. The man about to hit the ball is an American civilian.

AT THE CARD-TABLE : Five of the captured airmen playing cards. The Chinese authorities do not appear to have segregated officers from other ranks in the case of the airmen.

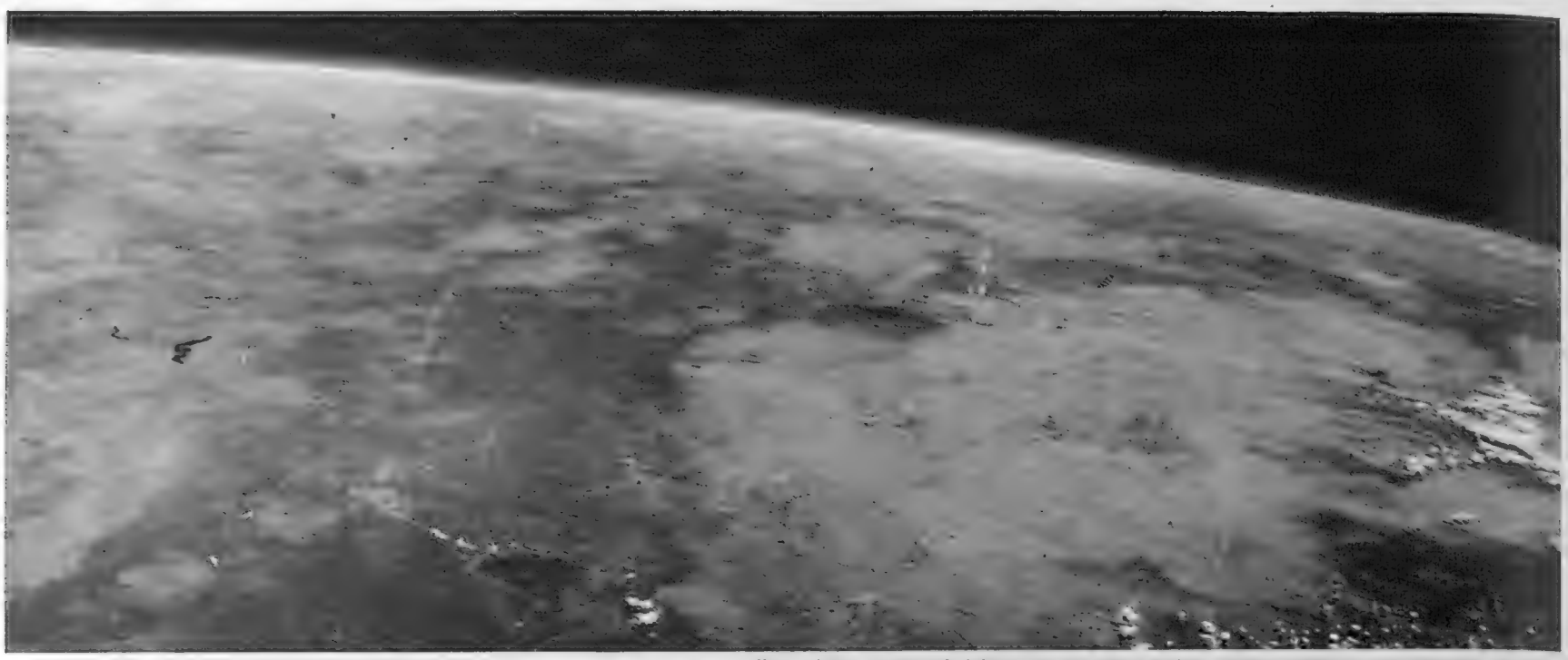
AT THE DINNER TABLE : Twelve of the prisoners messing together in their prison. Shorn heads appear to be the order of the day for most prisoners but not for the Colonel, extreme left.



IRELAND IN THE GRIP OF A HARD WINTER : The tortuous course of the River Glenmacnass through this narrow valley forty miles from Dublin looks inky-black against the white snow with which the hills are covered. Paths and hedgerows complete the dark patterns on the white background of this landscape near Glendalough, in Wicklow. Like the rest of Europe, Ireland suffered from very heavy snowfalls last month, and many communities, which are normally very isolated, were completely cut off as a result.



NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS IN CHINATOWN : The ritual dance of the lion is performed in the streets of New York's Chinatown as part of the celebrations of the Chinese New Year on January 24. According to the Chinese calendar, the New Year, the Year of the Lamb, is 4,652. The tail of the lion is supported by Chinese boys. The lion is said to be the legendary symbol of protection for certain Chinese provinces.



THE EARTH FROM 86 MILES UP—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A U.S. VIKING ROCKET: This picture was taken while the camera-bearing portion of the rocket was returning to earth after reaching a record height of 158 miles. The horizon, which is 830 miles away, spans 610 miles. The small object just below the horizon in the right section of the photograph is the nose portion of the rocket, which separated from the rest at the peak of the climb.

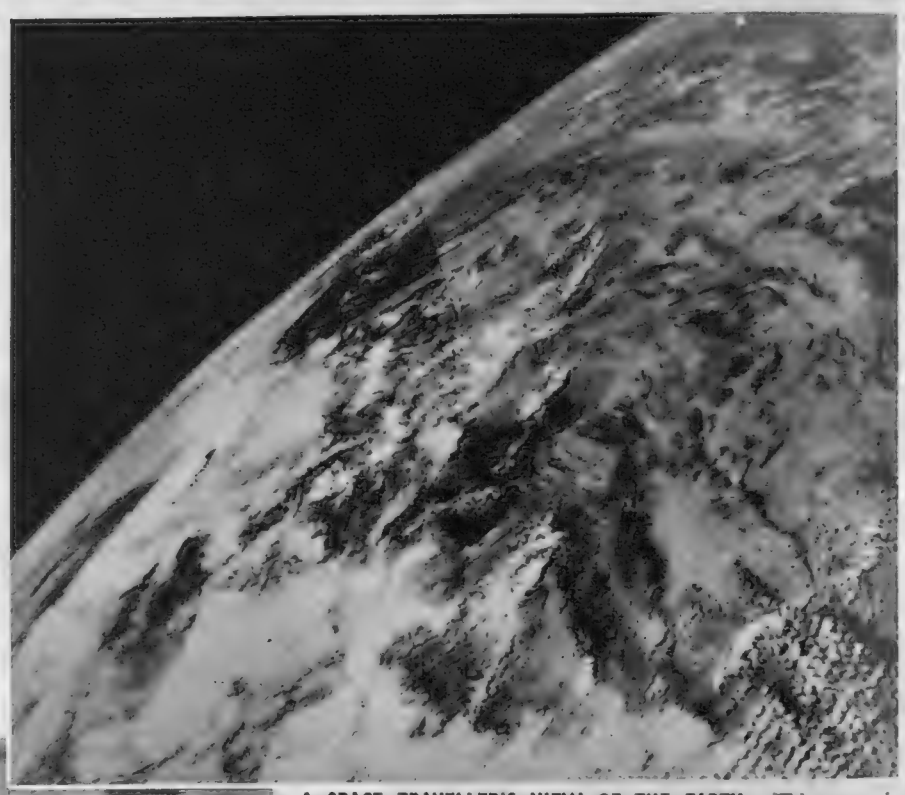
A SPACE-VIEW OF THE EARTH

Pictures of Mexico and Texas Taken from an Altitude of 158 Miles by an American Rocket

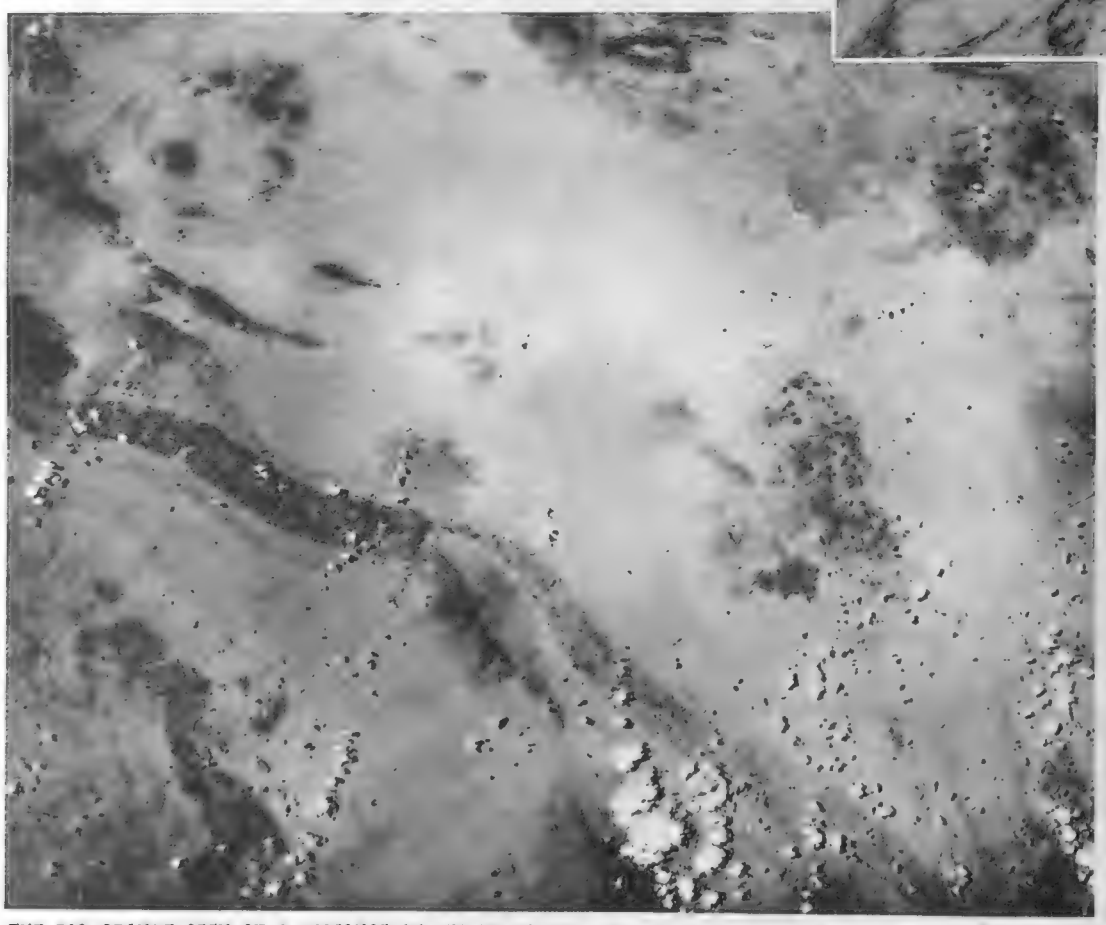
The three pictures on this page which show the earth from an altitude never yet approached by man, were taken from the United States Navy's Viking, which broke the altitude record for single-stage rockets by reaching a height of 158 miles last May. The photographs have only recently been released by the U.S. Department of Defence. These pictures are very remarkable for their clarity and the detail which they show. The Viking, which is a greatly improved version of the German V.2, weighs 7 tons and is propelled by a rocket motor burning alcohol and liquid oxygen to give a total thrust of 20,000 lb. Its speed at the moment the rocket ceases firing is 4,300 miles per hour. When the Viking attains the peak of its climb and begins to topple back to earth the nose section is automatically ejected. This releases a parachute which brings the valuable data recorded by instruments in the rocket safely back to earth. Almost half a ton of recording equipment is carried.

Fantastic sums are now being spent in America on rockets and guided missiles. Nineteen firms have as yet built over forty different types of pilotless projectiles which range from missiles intended for use against a possible enemy to rockets, large and small, used purely for research purposes. It is into this last category that the Viking falls. Although it bears a resemblance to the German V.2, it is not intended that it should be used in the same way. Eleven of these rockets have been built and launched, and each one has risen to a great altitude.

Although the figure of 158 miles is announced as a record, this applies only to single-stage rockets. A V.2 and a Corporal guided missile rocket launched together have reached a height of 242 miles. Last September, a Russian rocket expert, Professor Stanyukovich announced that Soviet scientists were sending rockets to heights of 240 miles, but he did not say whether these were single or double-stage. The Professor did disclose, however, that a Soviet Gold Medal is awaiting the first traveller to the moon, which may account for the great activity which is being shown everywhere in rocket research.



A SPACE TRAVELLER'S VIEW OF THE EARTH: This composite picture was taken at the peak of the rocket's journey. The area shown covers 600,000 square miles of territory in Texas and Mexico. The curvature of the earth is readily apparent.



THE RIO GRANDE SEEN AT A DISTANCE OF 158 MILES: The Rio Grande and the cultivated parts along its borders which show up as dark areas run diagonally across the bottom left-hand corner of the picture. Cloud-banks appear as tiny white patches, each with its dark shadow. The camera was pointing south when this picture was taken.

THE SEVEN-TON VIKING TAKES OFF ON ITS RECORD TRIP: The rocket is seen during the crucial few seconds after take-off from the White Sands Proving Grounds, in New Mexico.

REPAIR AND EXCAVATION IN ROME

Urgent Structural Repairs have been Started on the Colosseum; and the Site of Nero's Golden Palace is being Opened up

SCAFFOLDING ON THE WALLS OF THE COLOSSEUM, IN ROME: The amphitheatre is in a serious state of decay. Large fissures have appeared in the walls and some of the stonework is falling down. The cost of the restoration of this 2,000-years-old building may be £100,000.

The Colosseum in Rome is probably one of the best-known buildings of the ancient world. It was a gigantic amphitheatre for gladiatorial combats and also the scene of the martyrdom of early Christians, who were torn to pieces by wild beasts. Recently there has been considerable alarm over the state of its fabric. The ancient Romans built without cement. After 2,000 years it is not surprising that the walls are cracking. Some of the fissures, especially in the top walls, are very serious. Lower down, trees and bushes have grown, to wedge apart the foundations.

A restoration programme has been put in hand at an estimated cost of between £90,000 and £100,000. Worn-out sections are to be replaced and beams put in to strengthen the building. According to a legend, popular among the early medieval pilgrims to the Holy City, "Rome stands while the Colosseum stands, and falls when it falls. When Rome falls, with it falls the world."

A THREAT TO ONE OF THE GREATEST GLORIES OF ANCIENT ROME: The cracks are most marked at the tops of the Colosseum walls. Built around 80 A.D., it could probably hold 50,000 spectators.

AN ARCH THROUGH WHICH THE SHOUTS OF GLADIATORS ECHOED: A workman high up in the Colosseum bores a hole into an arch. A metal beam will be placed in it to assist in strengthening the building.

THE REMAINS OF AN EMPEROR'S GARGANTUAN SPLENDOUR: Visitors to Rome have long been familiar with the ruins of Nero's Golden Palace. The current investigations on the site, seen here, should give a clearer idea of the extent of his extravagant building near the Colosseum.

THE GOLDEN PALACE OF NERO: It was a vast building which extended from the Palatine to the Esquiline, in ancient Rome. Very soon after Nero's death it started to fall into ruin. To-day, for the first time, extensive excavations are being carried out on its site. In this picture, work is in progress inside the remains. Little is yet known of the full proportions of the building except that they must have been gigantic. One wing alone is said to have been 600 ft. by 180 ft. Nero, who planned everything on a vast scale, designed it to outshine the residences of his predecessors. Because of his artistic sensibility, it probably had considerable architectural merit. He began the construction in 64 A.D., four years before his suicide. His successors, Vespasian and Titus, erected the Colosseum in the gardens of the palace. Outside the amphitheatre was a colossal statue of Nero, which gave it its name. But little care seems to have been taken of the Palace itself.

BOBLETS ON THE CRESTA RUN: Germany's No. 1 team (Hans Roesch and Benedikt Terne) set off from the start in the World Championship for bobsleigh pairs on the famous course at St. Moritz, in Switzerland. This is one of the chief events of the winter-sports season. It was won this year by the Swiss first team.

ROUNDING A BEND: On one of the stiffest hazards of the Cresta—Sunny Corner—is the French first team, André Robin and Lucien Grosso. This banked curve has a radius of 20 yards.

THE START OF ONE OF THE taken as competitors starting-point. The b enthusiasts. The Cres sleigher has a straig Sunny Corner. From Shoe, after which he finish. The Cresta re in 1947 by F. Feiera famous run marks it 1885. The Olympic

Probably the ambition of most winter sportsmen and women is to compete in a contest on the famous Cresta Run at St. Moritz, in Switzerland. The World's Bobsleigh Championships have been the biggest event of the current St. Moritz season. On these pages are pictures of the International "Boblet" Championship, for pairs on bobsleighs. They are run under the rules of the International Federation of Bobsleigh and Tobogganing. Thirteen nations are represented on it—eleven from Europe, with the United States and the Argentine. The rules lay down the size and weight of the sleighs to be entered, and also insist that all entrants in the bobsleigh championships must be insured against accidents.

This year's World's Boblet champions are Fritz Feierabend and Harry Warburton, the first of the pairs entered by Switzerland. They achieved a sensational victory by making a final run down the Cresta in 1 min. 22.14 secs. (less than 2 secs. outside record). Second were Paul Aste and Heinz Isser, of Austria. The British team were twelfth.

On right—

THE BRITISH TEAM: Stewart Parkinson and Keith Schellenberg prepare to take the banking at speed. They were the only British entrants in this year's World's Boblet Championship over the Cresta Run.

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One of the Chief
is for Bobsleigh Pa

T WINTER-SPORTS COURSES : This picture was
/orld's Boblet Championship were leaving the
d the scene are familiar to all winter-sports
1,640 yards in length. From the start the
the left bend up to the hairpin curve of
prepares himself for the even narrower Horse
tant hazards, including the Leap before the
oblets is 1 min. 20.7 secs., and was made
of this year's winners of the Boblets. The
th birthday this year, for it was opened in
Games were held here in 1928 and 1948.

LD'S BOBLET
IPIONSHIP

on the Cresta Run at St. Moritz
was Won this Year by Switzerland

LEADERS IN THE WORLD'S BOBLET CHAMPIONSHIP : *On left*—The winners, Fritz Feierabend and Harry Warburton, of Switzerland, are in action. *Above*—The runners-up, Aste and Isser, of Austria.

ROYALTY AT THE MEET

Prince Charles and Princess Anne made the most of their Visit with the Queen to the Meet of the West Norfolk Foxhounds

PRINCE CHARLES IS MOUNTED ON A HUNTER: For two years Prince Charles has had riding lessons, and he has his own pony, but at the meet he seized his opportunity, and probably for the first time he was seated on a hunter.

MEETING THE MASTER AND HOUNDS: The Queen and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, both wearing leopard-skin coats, at the meet of the West Norfolk Foxhounds at Harpley Dams, a few miles from Sandringham. With them are seen the Princess Royal; Prince Charles and Princess Anne; Major E. O'F. Wilson, whose home is at Harpley Dams; and, on horseback, Major Robert Hoare, the Master of the Hounds. The Royal party had travelled to the meet from Sandringham in a shooting-brake, and later followed the progress of the hunt in it.

On right—

PRINCESS ANNE SURVEYS THE SCENE: Looking a trifle anxious, Princess Anne watches the preparations for the hunt. She had been lifted up on to the back of the Master's massive hunter, which is being held securely by Miss Hoare.

BUT NEVER A SOUND: The Master, Major Hoare, laughs heartily as Prince Charles puffs out his cheeks in an effort to blow the horn. In the end Prince Charles did manage to sound a tiny note, and he clambered down laughing delightedly.

A SCENE WHICH APPEARS TO BE REMOTE COUNTRY BUT IS ACTUALLY ONLY FIVE MILES FROM TRAFALGAR SQUARE: The farmyard is on the high ground at the top of Streatham Common, in South London. The farm is exactly as one imagines a farm should be—with outhouses, cows, hens and all the true rural picturesqueness. This is only one of the many surprising rural scenes in London. They are reminders that the Metropolis is still basically a group of closely-linked villages.

HAYSTACKS AND A PLOUGH: This is another rural picture of the farm above Streatham. The house to which this land belongs has a landscape garden, which adds to the rural illusion.

THE FOLLY WHICH IS NOW A GRANARY: It is in the centre of the picture. One would imagine that beyond the farm's entrance lay a village street and not the crowded suburb of Streatham.

RURAL LONDON

Near the Heart of the Capital are Unexpected Scenes of Farm and Village which Give the Appearance of the Distant English Countryside

By BARBARA JONES

Pictures by W. G. Davis

LONDON is a group of villages that have been surrounded by spreading circles of houses much as sand-castles are surrounded by the tide. Some of the smaller sand-castles, or villages, are obliterated altogether. The larger or more solidly-built ones are only eaten away at the edges, and the castle centre, or parish church, and some outworks, remain clearly visible. The only real difference is that the sea generally comes in from one side, while the buildings of London move steadily outwards in fairly regular circles from a small hard core that has been urban since the Romans conquered Britain.

Some curious patches of country have survived in this way; patches of heath and common land and forest, parks, parish churches and old graveyards, whole groups of cottages and village shops, muddy lanes, windmills, and farms. The heaths, commons and forests, green patches on the map, are easy to find and very familiar. The central ones have been walked over and tidied and trimmed until they are indistinguishable from those other green patches, the parks, which are seldom rural in intention.

The other survivals can only be detected on the largest scale maps and then without any certainty, for the most promising possibilities can be disappointing and the most negligible unmade road be country instead of suburbia. It is a very entertaining search. Deduction is sometimes helpful but not always, for the survivals are irrational. Boroughs are zealous to protect their amenities, and the rural patches come high on the list. Nevertheless, a certain untidiness, even squalor, marks the country as the Londoner likes to think of it.

As no borough council seems able to preserve anything without tidying it almost to death; the chances are always that what enchants us this year, may, with the very best of intentions, have been ruined by next. Remember how the Regent's Canal at Paddington has been transformed from Little Venice into a municipal park of the very dullest kind—no floral clock, no rich exotics, simply a very beautiful view spoiled. The same thing is happening to London's bits of country.

On the extreme edge of London, some of the places that remain within even fingertip reach of the open country have not only gone to considerable lengths to try to preserve their identity in the spreading city but have also attempted to remain countrified even to the extent of falsifying the evidence with disinterred stocks, new Tudor name-plates and rustic bus shelters. Southgate, for instance, just beyond the North Circular Road, is not content to keep a pleasant row of country town shops, some pretty cottages and a high proportion of open space and trees. An odd lych-gate, called Southgate Village Gates, with the title in black lettering, and sham old stone walls (now happily cracking) are also considered in the right style.

THE NEAREST PIGS TO PICCADILLY: They are rooting at Springfield Farm, in Wandsworth, just south of the Thames and close to the busy railway junction of Clapham. Springfield has large fields and a few cottages.

London has been a city since Roman times, and the urban core is very urban indeed. Land in the City has been valuable for so long that nothing rural remains at all. The unexpected charming courts and corners with their trees and old houses are all completely of the town. Even the great tracts devastated by bombing never became rural, in spite of the fantastic growth of wild flowers and bushes that covered them so quickly. The ruins, smothered with rosebay, willowherb, ragwort and buddleia, have become a wilderness not a piece of country, and walking among them one thinks of the ruins of other cities, never of fields and woods. The urban atmosphere is too strong.

The camera, of course, does not record this atmosphere, and photographs can be taken in many places that give a strong impression, if not of the country, at least of a country town or cathedral city. St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, is a good example. A photograph of it, with the Metropolitan Police signs and the London postal district number removed, could easily suggest Cambridge, Ely, or Peterborough, but the gate itself remains obstinately in London. Even the beautifully restored and painted bosses in the vaulting of the arch cannot move us one yard from E.C.1 towards even a cathedral city. (It is noticeable that even so near the centre of the City as this, the regional styles of London's old buildings are already very clear; the photographs of St. John's evoke, for me at least, only places that lie to the north-east; the meeting point must be somewhere near St. Paul's.)

So if we do not cheat and use the camera for close-ups of weeds and broken fences, we cannot find much of the country within two miles of Charing Cross, and must be content with the hens at the side of the playing-fields in Vincent Square and the very sophisticated ducks in St. James's Park. However, the next two-mile circle contains a herd of deer and a windmill, the grounds of London's last country house, and some charming eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century cottages.

(Continued on following page)

THE WINDMILL ON BRIXTON HILL: Built in 1816, milling continued until recently. Inside, one has the feeling of work interrupted. The traffic sounds from the near-by road turn into the noise of stones grinding and sails turning.

A GATEWAY WHICH MIGHT BE IN A CATHEDRAL CITY: All that would be necessary would be the removal of the Metropolitan Police sign and the district number on the left wall. But St. John's Gateway, in Clerkenwell, is very much part of London. It led to the medieval priory of St. John.

RURAL LONDON

(*Continued from previous page*)

The people who live in Chelsea, Islington, and St. John's Wood frequently exclaim on sunny mornings in spring that one might be in the country, and some of them do not go round the shops but into the village. Chelsea and Islington were in fact among the first villages of reasonable size and really independent growth that expanding London reached. Chelsea, in particular, could show, until the bombing in 1941, the perfect village pattern of parish church with cottages and small houses round it, and rows of brick terrace-houses off the river on the main road to London, built by people who wanted to be near the town but not in it. To-day, however, Chelsea's simplicity is mostly revived, the studied effect of expensive white paint and shrubs.

Park Village and St. John's Wood, on the other hand, were never intended to be anything but *villegiatura*. The Park Villages, East and West, were the work of John Nash in the late 1820's, with enchanting little villas in little gardens and plenty of trees on either side of a branch of the Regent's Canal, a hamlet to afford contrast to the great houses round the Park. The main line from Euston goes far too close, but the atmosphere and charm are unbroken. Further west, the canal runs along the north side of the park between superb trees and rich grassy banks. Beautiful iron bridges take visitors across to the Zoo, and the whole stretch seen from a boat gives not a momentary illusion of the country, but an unbroken mile of it, quiet and green.

Holland Park is too newly ours to be truly tidy yet and some of its country estate atmosphere miraculously remains. There are still many of Lord Ilchester's game birds in the woods and, west of the house, cart sheds and gardeners' bothies and even an open field or two.

Holland Park must stand for a hundred corners in the London parks where the municipal atmosphere suddenly fails and the country park atmosphere conquers. Gunnersbury and Wanstead have a number of such patches, Battersea Park has a small herd of deer, and Golders Hill Park a menagerie. A windmill in Brixton is entirely unexpected. It stands with its Mill House and Mill Cottage, in Blenheim Gardens, a turning off Brixton Hill. It was built in 1816 by a miller named Ashby. The sails were removed in 1864 but milling continued until 1928, and sporadically after that, by means of a donkey engine.

Mill House, which appears to have been built later than the mill, is on the road, and beside it a short muddy lane of trees leads to the creeper-grown cottage and the mill. The tiled storage sheds of the mill were built on haphazard as they were wanted and are used now to store cardboard boxes and egg cases. Beyond them is the tower mill in an orchard, five stories high, built of brick and tarred black. Inside, all the machinery and woodwork remain, apparently in excellent condition, for at the time of the installation of the donkey engine a good deal of up-to-date patent milling machinery must have been put in too. Clearly it could easily work again. Grain lies all over the floors and the odd improvised arrangements of sacking common to all mills.

The feeling of work interrupted rather than ended is uncanny. And so is the silence. From the top a gang with compressors can be seen working on the reservoirs and beyond them is Brixton Prison. The main road south is only 200 yards away and London stretches for miles on every side, but inside the mill all is quiet, and sounds heard faintly from outside are translated into its own terms, the compressors become the noise of stones grinding and the traffic on Brixton Hill sails turning.

The next two-mile circle from Charing Cross includes urban country on a very extensive scale—Hampstead Heath. On a fine Sunday or a Bank Holiday the Heath is like Hyde Park, but on a week-day, especially in winter at lunch-time, and most of all in the snow, it is easy to go for a long walk over the Heath and through Ken Wood, and not only "not meet a soul" but find it very hard to believe oneself within fifty miles of London. Moreover, the Heath is flanked by Hampstead and Highgate, the best London villages, saved from destruction by the steepness of the hills on which they stand. No other districts have so many magnificent houses and enchanting cottages left from the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in such a picturesque setting. They are incredibly complicated, especially in Hampstead, by the network of narrow foot-passages and steep steps connecting the elaborate changes of level.

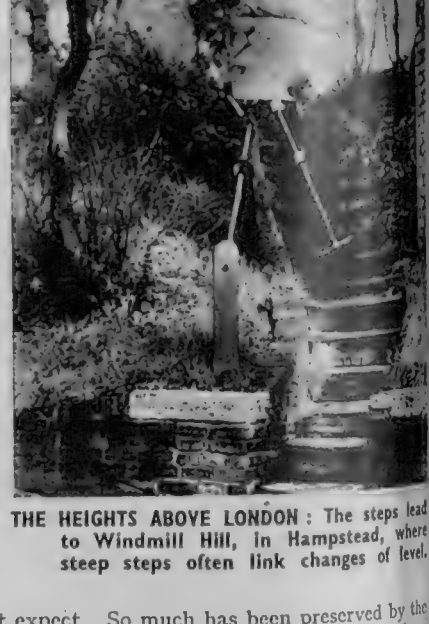
Highgate is as steep, but more open. In both, many of the tree-lined roads, lanes, passages and steps lead out onto different parts of the complicated Heath—the entire area is about three miles across, complex, hilly and exhausting; it takes years to get to know it, and neglecting any road, however unpromising, may mean missing something very pretty indeed. The village atmosphere here is less depressingly self-conscious than one might expect. So much has been preserved by the hills that nothing need be re-created, and apart from some tedious holly wreaths on the best front doors at Christmas, everything is reasonably normal.

At the extreme south corner of the Heath, at Gospel Oak, lies Oak Village, a small square of little cottages and adjoining roads with houses of increasing scale which lead into Lismore Circus. The village end of this arrangement is absolutely charming. The cottages appear to have been built between 1840 and 1850 and are very simple, with palings between the front gardens. Three-quarters-of-a-mile away in Swain's Lane is the remarkable contrast of Holly Village, a marvellous group of eight miniature villas, built in 1865 by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts as one of her philanthropic enterprises. They are irregularly disposed about a little green, as picturesque and spiky as the Oak cottages are plain and square. It is by no means the country, but it is the best model village in London.

Canals and rivers and reservoirs must have banks, and as grass is much cheaper for this purpose than stone,

THE TOLL-GATE IN DULWICH VILLAGE: Payment has to be made for a car to pass down the rural road beyond. Nowhere else in London has so many trees or so much grass as Dulwich. Playing-fields, parks and woods stretch to the Crystal Palace, two miles away. The village has some pretty cottages and shops and numerous eighteenth and nineteenth-century houses, all deep in the melancholy which colours this part of South London on the finest day.

THE PLAYING-FIELDS OFF VICTORIA STREET: The pavilion stands on one side of them in Vincent Square and gives an air of country tranquillity to this busy part of London, near Victoria Station.



THE HEIGHTS ABOVE LONDON: The steps lead to Windmill Hill, in Hampstead, where steep steps often link changes of level.

MILK AND WATER: *On left*—College Farm, at Finchley, belongs to the Express Dairy and is close to the North Circular Road. It attracts attention by a marked incongruity in its suburban surroundings—cows grazing in front of it. *On right*—This bend on the New River at Manor House, in Islington, might be mistaken for Stratford-on-Avon.

DEER WITHIN SOUND OF BIG BEN: They roam in Battersea Park, on the south side of the Thames. It is hard to believe these trees are dominated by the giant, modernistic pile of the Battersea Power Station.

TWO VILLAGE STREETS IN LONDON: *Above*—Some of the picturesque cottages and a shop in Dulwich Village, in south-east London. *On right*—Cottages in Oak Village, at Gospel Oak, at the extreme south corner of Hampstead Heath. They were probably built about 100 years ago and are very simple, with palings between the front gardens.

LANE IN HAMPSTEAD: One of the charms of the area round the Heath is its rural atmosphere. It takes a long time to know it, and neglecting any road may mean missing something very attractive.

A WALK BY A COUNTRY STREAM?: In fact, it is the Regent's Canal, in St. John's Wood. It runs along the north side of Regent's Park, between superb trees and rich, grassy banks. Iron bridges take visitors across to the Zoo. At any time of year it is a mile of unbroken quiet and green country.

any of them have some lovely stretches of green. affic on the canals is quiet and the atmosphere peaceful, d from the water one can see not only the stretches of ass bank and the odd open patches of green left by rkward junctions of the canal with the roads, but an tirely new view of London. The canal architecture of ch familiar places as Camden Town is utterly different m that of the streets. Much of it was built at the ne time as the canals, and was in the open country. ere are weatherboarded warehouses, cottages, locks d lock-keepers' houses, all with the tranquillity and lation engendered by still water.

The New River, cut early in the seventeenth century bring water into London from Ware, is now under- ound, except for a tiny stretch after Manor House, Islington. There the open river ends in the East and st Reservoirs. The open land north of them is now ng last built over with blocks of flats, but in a very l-mannered way, and the lovely reservoirs still have cks of tufted ducks and beautiful raised paths between m and the river running to filter beds beyond Green nes. There are some pretty early nineteenth-century cottages and waterworks buildings, and a pumping station in Green Lanes. They should be seen during a fine sunset at the end of a walk round the ponds.

Dulwich is almost drowned in trees. No village in London has so many, or so much grass. There are playing-fields and parks and a golf course, and woods all the way up to the Crystal Palace grounds, more than two miles away. The village itself has some pretty cottages and shops and numerous very fine eighteenth- and nineteenth-century houses, all deep in the melancholy that colours this part of South London on the finest day. There is still a toll-gate on College Road. The payment of threepence for the car to pass down the magnificent road brings an extremely rural pain.

Perhaps the most surprising things to find in London are the farms. The best known is the Express Dairy's College Farm at Finchley, just above the North Circular Road, in an entirely by-pass setting. It is neat and model, a show-place which would not draw the eye by any violent incongruity with the rest of Finchley except for the cows grazing in the fields in front of it.

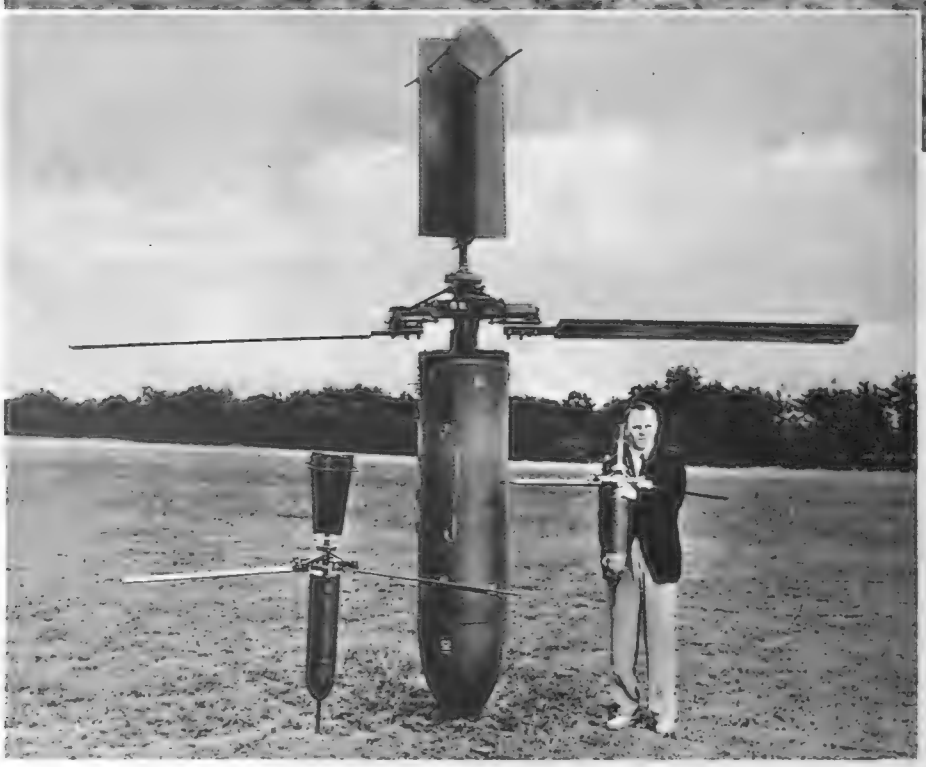
Wandsworth has a much larger farm in Aboyne Road. This is Springfield Farm, which has large fields, fine trees and a few small cottages, although most of the buildings are in a very undistinguished style of brick to match Springfield Mental Home near by. But the fields are impressive, and so are the pigs.

The best London farm I have seen is south of St. Michael's Convent, Park Hill, Streatham. It lies on high ground north of the top of the common. The house once belonged to Sir Henry Tate and has a landscaped garden with a lake. At the bottom of the garden is the farm, a farm exactly as we imagine one should be, with hayricks and good groups of trees, broken paling fences, cows, hens and all the true rural picturesqueness. It seems incredible in Streatham. To add to its remarkable quality, there is a little folly tower. The bottom storey is a storehouse for grain and is, consequently, always full of hopeful ducks. From the top storey one can look down at the farm. On a misty winter afternoon the houses at the bottom of the hill beyond the fields are obliterated and the illusion is complete.

THE NORTH WALES SHIPWRECK IN WHICH THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN SWA ASHORE TO BRING HELP : Members of the crew of 30 of the British carg vessel *Bobara* standing by their personal possessions while their vess breaks up on the rocks at Rhosneigr, in Anglesey. When the 7,279-to ship went aground in fog near Silver Bay, the crew sent up rocket and distress signals, but because of the mist it seemed doubtful tha anybody had seen them. Thereupon Captain Andrew Flint, the maste daubed in cooking-fat, swam 60 yards through the rough seas to th shore. There he met coastguards, and a struggle began to thro breeches buoys aboard. When these were in place, Captain Flint returne to his ship, and found that it was still safe for the crew to remai aboard until daylight. Then they were taken off with their person possessions, and soon after the vessel appeared to break up. The *Bobar* was on her way to Manchester from Baltimore with a cargo of timbe

THE CAMERA RECORDS . .

A SHIPWRECK IN NORTH WALES; NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN THE AIR AND AT SEA; AND THE PASSING OF A RENOWNED BILLIARDS HALL



A WHIRLIGIG PARACHUTE : This strange device, which has been built by the Kaman Aircraft Corporation of America, is called a Rotochute. Also in the picture are two smaller models, which were used in testing the design. The Rotochute has been manufactured for the United States Marine Corps, and it is designed to enable supplies to be dropped from the air with greater accuracy than is possible with a normal parachute. While dropping, the two horizontal blades seen in the picture revolve in the same way as those of an autogiro, and the speed of descent is comparable to that of a parachute. The supplies are carried in the nose portion, which becomes embedded in the ground on impact.

On right—

A HUSH-HUSH HELICOPTER : A Westland Whirlwind is seen about to land at the South Bank site. At the side of its fuselage is a new type of silencer which is intended to reduce the noise made by the engine to a considerable extent. This silencer, which is as yet in a rough and unstreamlined form, was designed and developed in ten days by Messrs. Vokes, of Guildford. Last week tests were held at the South Bank to determine the effectiveness of the silencer. These were watched by Sir Edward Boyle, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Supply, and by Mr. John Profumo, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation. The tests were remarkably successful. The usual roar of the engine was reduced to a steady purr and normal conversation was possible near to the helicopter while it was landing and taking off. When it flew past at a height of some 200 ft., the noise was hardly noticeable above the hum of the traffic. Listeners in the Chamber of the House of Commons reported that the helicopter flying past made no more noise than a bus. Later in the day, the Whirlwind was joined by an S-51 helicopter which had no silencer. The difference in noise was readily noticeable. The silencer weighs 87 lb., which would reduce payload by the same amount. There would be a further reduction as the silencer also causes a loss of engine power.

On left—
THE LAST MATCH AT THE LEICESTER SQUARE HALL : Joe Davis playing a shot on the snooker table at what was formerly Thurston's, the Leicester Square Hall in London. His brother Fred, sitting below the scoreboard, looks on. This was the beginning of the last match to be played in the famous hall before it closed down last week. The final frame was seen by television viewers. The Leicester Square Hall is to become part of the neighbouring Automobile Association's headquarters.

The passing of the Leicester Square Hall as the home of professional billiards has been mourned much as the passing of a famous theatre would be. It has not a particularly old history, for Thurston's became established only in 1901. But Burroughes and Watts in Soho, and the Leicester Square Hall have seen all the major billiards and snooker events of this century, and a remarkable array of professional and amateur talent has played at their tables. Professional billiards has been dying out gradually since Walter Lindrum's break of 4,137 at Leicester Square in 1932, but snooker has with the years become increasingly popular, and since 1947 the Leicester Square Hall has been the scene of regular professional tournaments. It was fitting that the last match should be played between snooker's greatest exponent, Joe Davis, whose record has never been approached, and his brother Fred. It was even more fitting that, within the last fortnight, in the hall which has seen so many of his triumphs, Joe Davis should at last have reached the zenith of every snooker player's ambition—the maximum break of 147. Perhaps Joe Davis thought he owed that to the old hall; certainly the Leicester Square Hall departs from the billiards world in triumph.

On left—
AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER FOR THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY : H.M.S. *Majestic* is seen sailing for her contractors' trials from the Vickers-Armstrongs yards at Barrow-in-Furness. She is a light fleet aircraft-carrier which, when completed, will be handed over to the Royal Australian Navy and will be renamed *Melbourne*. *Majestic* has undergone many changes before reaching her present status, that of one of the first British ships to be fully equipped for atomic warfare. She was laid down in April 1943, the same month as her sister-ship, *Terrible*, which is already in commission as H.M.A.S. *Sydney*. *Majestic* was launched in February 1945, but further work on her was then suspended so that her design could be modified.

Below—
A NEW OIL-BOOSTER PLANT AT LAKE MARACAIBO, IN VENEZUELA : This plant, which has been built at a cost of some £7,140,000 for the Creole Petroleum Company's new wells in the Lake, conserves the natural gas, or methane, found in the oil drillings and uses it to increase the yield of oil. Some of the gas is used in running machines which pump the remainder back into the drillings, so forcing more oil from the wells. This system is expected to increase the oil production by one-third. Like many other places in the world, Venezuela is finding that natural gas makes an excellent fuel for domestic and industrial consumption.

THE FATE OF SUCCESSION

The Rationalisation of an Hereditary Upper House can and should be Taken in Hand at Once; and the Handicaps of Succeeding to an Hereditary Peerage

By JOHN GORE

THE HANDICAPS AND ANOMALIES OF HEREDITARY PEERAGES.—More than half a century ago the Premier, Lord Salisbury, considered that reform of the House of Lords and of the system of creating hereditary peerages had become a matter of urgency. His son and grandson not seldom expressed a like opinion. The present Government gave a pledge that in this Parliament it would try again to reach agreement on outstanding points of difference (which are few) among the parties, in order to bring about a measure of reform.

The problem is two-sided. There is the constitutional issue and the personal issue; and the political parties are not interested generally in the personal. The constitutional issue is the crux. The Socialists have no desire to revive a second Chamber with real powers of veto, even though it should be so reformed as to give reasonably equal representation which, of course, it does not on paper possess to-day. Nevertheless, the obstacles to a serious attempt to create a modern Upper House have been greatly reduced in number during various conferences which have taken place without final result. Neither party sees in the question a constitutional issue of first importance. The Conservatives realise that the present House consists, in effect, of a handful of highly-skilled *ad hoc* councillors, with very little "taint of heredity" about them, who do the work still left to the Upper House very well by their debates, suggestions, revisions and powers of delaying.

A normal sitting of the Upper House to-day draws no more than a tenth of the membership. The Socialists admit that also and anyway prefer that a potentially "unrepresentative, inequitable, sprawling body of hereditary legislators, rooted in a dead tradition," should one day cut its own throat in some ill-advised action and should meanwhile carry on as it is, if the alternative is to restore to it powers of veto which have been taken away.

So it is that more spectacular efforts—all futile—have been made to bring to a head the personal issue of this question, than the constitutional. These efforts go back to the last century. The crux of the personal issue is that the acceptance or inheritance of a peerage by a man ambitious and able in parliamentary life cuts short and for ever his career and his hopes of preferment in the only arena in which he can reach the highest prizes. It was not always so. Aristocratic Government lasted until the present century began, and plenty of Premiers [and even Foreign Secretaries conducted the affairs of State from the Upper House. The advances of democracy and finally the Parliament Bill brought that state of things to an end. But in the 1890's the shadow before was visible and a small body of heirs to peerages got together and resolved to make a gesture by way of testing the inexorability of the fate of succession to an hereditary peerage.

They resolved that the first of them to succeed should continue in his place in the Lower House. In the chances of life and death, the lot fell upon Lord Wolmer, heir to Lord Selborne. He was "spied as a stranger." The gesture came to nothing. *Punch's* famous cartoon of the bathing woman carrying the squalling new peer into the cold sea labelled "House of Lords" is still remembered.

The Might-Have-Been. — The decision in the Wensleydale peerage case still governs these unfortunates. The Crown has the power to create the supreme honour of an *hereditary* peerage, but only in a limited creation of Law Lords can it create life peerages. Neither the Crown nor any other power has authority to divest its holder of the honour and the handicap of an hereditary peerage, short of an Act of Parliament. How serious is this personal issue? Obviously it *can* be serious, can become a national and not a mere personal issue, if it can debar a really great man from guiding his country's destinies. It certainly prevented Lord Curzon from attaining the Premiership—which he deserved—when in 1923 the choice of a successor to Bonar Law fell on Baldwin, almost entirely because it had then become essential that the Prime Minister should be a Commons man. It might well have prevented a far greater man from saving the nation in its hour of supreme danger.

If chance had struck down the eighth Duke of Marlborough before his marriage in 1869, Lord Randolph Churchill would have succeeded to the dukedom and Sir Winston would never have had even a short opportunity to learn the ways of the Commons; for Lord Randolph died before his great son became twenty-one. That fate missed our great Commoner, but he is known to sympathise with all unfortunates whose careers and ambitions in political life are guillotined by this antiquated sharp instrument. But nothing is done about it, and it is instructive to collect and examine the various reasons (apart from the lethargy, uncertainty and mutual suspicions of political parties, already referred to) why nothing is done.

First, I think, is the reverence still generally felt for the dignity and surviving powers and ceremonial functions of the Sovereign. The fine record of a long succession of wholly admirable, virtuous and devoted Sovereigns has restrained all but a few cranks and stunt merchants from calling in question any of the "extravagances" or surviving traditional powers of the Sovereign.

The general public is opposed to "monarchy on the cheap." It accepts one dedicated family as entitled to live in the splendours not so long ago shared by perhaps 300 other great families. It believes in democracy and believes in the democratic sympathies and practices of its Sovereigns. But, none the less, it values for their colour and romance many of the ceremonial and other functions and traditional splendours of the Monarchy which to-day are at variance with the principles of a new democracy. Among them are the rights of the Sovereign as the Fountain of Honour. That fountain plays as generously to-day as that in Trafalgar Square in a high wind. Very few are willing to try to curb it or divert it.

THE CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS: The Woolsack, the traditional seat of the Lord Chancellor, is seen in position just below the Throne. Above the Throne are the huge Italian Renaissance-style frescoes. Members of the House of Commons met in this Chamber from 1941 until 1950, their own having been destroyed by bombs. Before the peers took up residence again in 1951, the Chamber received its first cleaning of any great consequence for forty years. Several alterations were made.

Negation of Democracy.—And again, this new democracy of ours is still in the making. Ministers of both parties unite with the tub-thumpers in Hyde Park in lauding its charter—equality of opportunity, a classless society, freedom for all to work in the field of their choice. These are a few of the charter's items and all three are negatived by hereditary titles.

A peerage may be economically a burden to-day. But still, certain hereditary offices are linked with peerages, a few social advantages are accepted as still remaining to them.

That our pratings of our democracy strike some of us at home as hypocrisy is one thing. We accept muddle-mindedness as inevitable in all times of transition after social revolution. But abroad our democracy is assumed to be an accomplished fact, and there is more point in the charge of hypocrisy. The nations of the Commonwealth do not embrace our ideas about titles and honours. A few small Continental nations still compete with us in the conservation of a buffer state of aristocracy as a shield round the throne.

Some have agreed that the hereditary principle in the creation of peerages is desirable as a safeguard to the Monarchy. It is not easy to support that opinion after the experiences of recent Royal Commonwealth tours. The dignity, grace and grandeur of the Sovereign has been shown to lose nothing in a country which does not enjoy or desire the ancient trappings and hereditary Court offices of the Court at St. James's.

The continued creation of peerages (which must be hereditary) is justified on the grounds that the Upper House must be continually recruited up to strength. What strength? A handful of peers do the business of the House to-day and do it well. What profit, then, to recruit that House still to a strength of several hundreds, since the average attendance is about eighty? Anyway, how can that argument justify in our new democracy the continued creation of baronets?

The Dilemma.—An examination of these arguments, *pro* or *con*, specious or valid, justifies setting forth this dilemma: If an hereditary peerage is the Sovereign's highest reward for merit, why is it conferred in perpetuity on unproven persons who have had no opportunity to deserve it when they inherit it? If, on the other hand, it be a grievous handicap to an ambitious and outstanding politician, why is he not afforded the bare justice of declining the honour if he so desires, when he inherits it?

The truth, of course, is that our democracy is still half-baked, even a sham. Half the nation does not believe in it. In any case, its advance has been far too swift for the necessary mopping-up operations, the clearing away of outworn traditions which belonged to a dead age of aristocratic government, which still appeal to a large part of the nation. It is with the nation's approval that our democratic Sovereign and Fountain of Honour continues to observe two distinct and contradictory loyalties: to democracy and equality on the one hand and to the fine old traditions of aristocratic government on the other.

Hereditary peerages to the end of the last century were based on and linked to ownership of land, with its political influence, and great wealth. A few were conferred on successful generals and admirals, poets, and so forth. So, too, the Noble Order of the Garter, similarly based, was a political prize eagerly squabbled over by Premiers, Liberal, Whig and Tory. To-day "the land 's all gone, the money spent," and the politicians have lost interest in the Garter and thrown it back to the Sovereign as a grace and favour, and the Sovereign, loyal to its grand old tradition, is embarrassed by the difficulty of finding a single individual of perhaps the strongest political party to accept the honour which to-day is a distinction for great merit.

Why Is Nothing Done?—Why, then, do the politicians take no steps to disembarrass themselves of the duty of recommending to the Sovereign the names of men suitable for hereditary peerages, when they themselves have no such duty to observe that second loyalty? We have suggested the reasons for that and they are clear enough. Nevertheless, there is a valid reason for one more effort to reform the House of Lords, and it should be possible to reach agreement because of the growing acceptance of the fact that there is now no possibility that the Upper House will in any circumstances regain the powers it lost in 1949 and probably not those it lost in 1911. Any attempt to restore those powers by a strong and foolish Tory Government would be unscrambled by the methods and threats of 1911 when the Socialists next came to power.

The rationalisation of an hereditary Upper House can and should be taken in hand at once, and neither because of the importance of the constitutional issue nor of the personal issue, though the latter is bare social justice. It should be achieved to bring a vital partner in our Legislature in tune with modern political thought and social life. And only a truly representative Senate, largely elected democratically, can bring about that rationalisation.

I do not know whether the gesture of Mr. Wedgwood Benn will have any greater success than those of Lord Wolmer or Lord Hailsham. I doubt it. The preamble and explanations of his little Bill reveal the obstacles to any hopes he may have. But perhaps his effort may bring a sense of urgency to the minds of those who have the power to move in the matter of general reform. For, if we wish (as I am sure we do) to back up the Sovereign in the observation of that "second loyalty" within reason, and if we wish to ensure the existence of a second Chamber (with its still useful, even essential, limited functions) for another generation at least, we must accord it a few modern defences against the attacks of scoffers, iconoclasts and people with a genuine grievance.

But I do not expect agreement on reform. Despite progress in settling differences, Socialists in the main to-day do not want it and many Tory peers still favour the hereditary principle and a majority of them would oppose the only effective *compromise*—the choice of, say, 300 of these peers by a small and *representative* body of selectors from the available 800.

"THE MIDSUMMER MARRIAGE"

Michael Tippett's New Opera Received Its First Performance Last Week at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

There was a great deal of admiration for the music of *The Midsummer Marriage*, which received its world premiere at the Royal Opera House last week, but the very nature of the opera made criticism of other aspects inevitable.

The opera tells a love-story of the contemporary world. There are two pairs of lovers, ordinary people with ordinary emotions. But, as in many a classical story, the lovers have to purge themselves before they can live happily ever after, and this is achieved in *The Midsummer Marriage* through the Ancients of the Temple and King Fisher, the overbearing father and employer. The story is told by means of symbolism and allegory which is not confined to the music. There is an excellent ballet sequence symbolic of the seasons and of love which provided one of the outstanding moments of the opera.

Michael Tippett, the composer, is aided by fine singing from the whole cast, and by the Covent Garden Orchestra, conducted by John Pritchard, which handled the difficult score with great skill. The settings and costumes were by Barbara Hepworth, whose vivid sense of shape and colour certainly lent effect to the stage. The ballet scenes gave John Cranko's choreography ample opportunity. Christopher West's production allowed Tippett's own libretto to play no great part in what was mainly a musical success.

THE RUNAWAY LOVERS IN DISAGREEMENT: Jenifer (Joan Sutherland), in the white dress at right, and, left, Mark (Richard Lewis), seen among the Temple dancers, have quarrelled just before they are to go through with their runaway marriage. They have returned after going their different ways through "strange places," but then find themselves in sharper disagreement than ever.

On left—

THE SECOND PAIR OF LOVERS: Bella (Adele Leigh), secretary to King Fisher, the tycoon, and Jack (John Lanigan), a mechanic. In the background are some of the settings by Barbara Hepworth. Bella is trying to get Jack to propose to her, and their love-duet ushers in the ballet sequence of the opera's second act.

KING FISHER FINDS THAT HE WILL LOSE HIS DAUGHTER: The business man (Otakar Kraus) listens to his daughter Jenifer, who has emerged from the "strange place." Also listening is the chorus of Jenifer's friends. Michael Tippett completed the opera in 1952.

BEFORE THE TEMPLE ON MIDSUMMER MORNING: At the head of the steps stand the Temple Ancients, the Priest (Michael Langdon) and Priestess (Edith Coates). On the steps stand Jenifer and Mark, and to the left and right are their friends. Mark and Jenifer do not return again until they have been purged and are ready at last for their midsummer marriage.

TYCOON AND CLAIRVOYANTE: Sosostris (Oralia Dominguez) describes what she sees in her bowl, held by Jack, as King Fisher stands by. He loses patience with her descriptions of the "Divine Marriage," tries to unveil her and is stricken to death.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND

On left—

A NEW POWER STATION FOR THE SOUTH COAST: Work is in progress on the Marchwood Power Station which is being built on a 144-acre site on the western bank of Southampton Water. The chimney seen in the picture is the first of two to be built, and when completed will be 425 ft. in height. It is at present 200 ft. high. The Marchwood Power Station is the first in the south of England to be designed and constructed entirely by the British Electricity Authority, and it is expected to cost £30,000,000. It will produce its first electricity during the early part of next year, but will not be finally completed until 1962, when its capacity will be 480,000 kilowatts. The main buildings will have concrete block walls up to a height of 30 ft. and above this the structure will be of sheet aluminium and glass. It is the first major British Electricity Authority station to be equipped with a dual fire system, and can burn either coal or oil in the furnaces.

A DEMONSTRATION FOR HIGHER WAGES: "Spidermen"—steel erectors—march from Tower Hill, in London, to a meeting in support of their demand for increased wages. They had come from Scotland, Yorkshire, the Midlands and South Wales to join London steel erectors in this demonstration.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL DINES WITH THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF BUILDING TRADES EMPLOYERS: The Prime Minister is seen with the President of the Federation, Mr. Grosvenor, and with Mrs. Grosvenor at the Dorchester Hotel, in London. During the evening Sir Winston replied to the toast of "Her Majesty's Government." While speaking, he produced a Union card and reminded his audience that he was made an honorary member of the Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers in 1928.

On right—

"PEACE" MARCH SCENES NEAR PARLIAMENT: A demonstrator has clashed with the police outside the Houses of Parliament. The demonstration against German rearmament was organised by the British Peace Committee. Several thousands crowded in the street to lobby M.P.s. Police struggled to keep them on the move and there were some ugly scenes. In the Commons the Home Secretary pointed out that it was the duty of the police to keep the passages to the House open.

FOUR ENGLISHMEN ARE HONOURED BY THE JAPANESE EMPEROR: From left to right are Sir Robert Craigie, Lord Hankey, Sir Edward Crowe and Major-General Piggott. They are being toasted by Mr. Takio Oda, of the Japanese Embassy in London. Sir Robert Craigie and Lord Hankey were awarded the First Class Order of the Rising Sun, and Sir Edward Crowe and Major-General Piggott were awarded the First Class Order of the Sacred Treasure. The awards, which were made on behalf of the Emperor, were for work in furthering Anglo-Japanese relations. All four have had long associations with Japan.

THREE BISHOPS ARE CONSECRATED : *Above*—They are seen with the Archbishop of Canterbury outside Southwark Cathedral, in London, where the service was held. From the left are the Rt. Rev. H. J. Carpenter, Bishop of Oxford ; the Rt. Rev. T. H. Cashmore, Bishop Suffragan of Dunwich (Essex), and the Rt. Rev. E. H. Knell, Bishop Suffragan of Reading. *On right*—The Bishop of Dunwich is being presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury by the Bishop of Wakefield (on the far side) and Dr. Hubback, the former Metropolitan of India. Bishop Cashmore has spent several years of his ministry overseas.

AN ANNUAL CEREMONY IS CARRIED OUT AT THE STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON IN LONDON : Boys of the Gordon Boys' School march off after laying a wreath at the foot of the statue. The occasion was the seventieth anniversary of the General's death. The statue was removed from its place in Trafalgar Square in 1939 and re-erected on its present site near the new Government offices in Whitehall last year, when this ceremony was revived.

THE SCENE OF THE FATAL AIRCRAFT CRASH AT FORD NAVAL STATION : A Hawker Hunter fighter aircraft crashed while making an emergency landing and ploughed through the group of caravans, demolishing two of them. The skid-marks made by the aircraft can be seen coming from the lower right-hand corner of the picture. The Hunter, piloted by Mr. Frank Murphy, was on a routine test flight from Dunsfold when it developed engine trouble over Littlehampton. It made an emergency landing but spun off the runway. A Chief Petty Officer, his wife and a Petty Officer who were in the caravans were killed.

THE LATEST EQUIPMENT FOR HIMALAYAN CLIMBERS : *On left*—A member of the British 1955 Expedition to the Himalayan peak of Kanchenjunga examines some equipment in London. Kanchenjunga (28,146 ft.) is the highest unclimbed mountain in the world. The climber is wearing high-altitude clothing which embodies the scientific aids derived from recent Himalayan expeditions. *On right*—He is holding a rope-and metal ladder, with various other of the latest devices for mountaineers around him. The members of the Kanchenjunga expedition have recently spent some time in Snowdonia, in Wales.

CERES AND SILENUS : These are two of the fine statues which Professor Salvatore Aurigemma has found in his excavations at Emperor Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli.

A HEADLESS MERCURY AND MARS : Experts have put together the pieces. The excavations, begun in 1951, are considered the most important made at the Villa this century.

THE NILE GOD IS ASSEMBLED : This group with t River God as its main piece has a sm Sphinx in the foreground. Fifteen classic statues have been unearthed. Many of the are copies of the works of the great Gre masters, such as Phidias and Polycletu

CLASSICAL FIND NEAR ROME

Fifteen Magnificent Statues have been Discovered in the Gardens of Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli, in Italy

The pictures on these pages show something Hadria Villa, at Tivoli, and the fine classical s es wh have recently been dug up there. For four y Profes Salvatore Aurigemma has been excavating t reside of the Emperor, who reigned from 117 to 13 A.D. T excavation of the reproduction of the Can s Ca which was a feature of the garden, has proved ost fert Fifteen statues have been brought to light, most of th copies of famous Greek master-sculptors, suc as Phid and Polycletus. Among them are two lar statues Silenus, three of Ceres, each 10 ft. high, an A s, and t groups of river gods—Nile and Tiber. With e latter the she-wolf suckling the infants Romulus a Remus

A great deal of interest is attached to a headless Amaz This is a copy of an original which is attributed either Phidias or Cresilas. Its discovery settles a question wh has long been discussed by scholars. Is this Amaz leaning on her spear for support because of wound her leg or to leap on her horse? The Tivoli opy sho the Amazon with a wound in her thigh from which t blood is flowing in large drops. It is a great pity that t figure has no head. This might have decided the ident of the sculptor of the original.

Hadrian's Villa has been well known for a long ti In past centuries it was not uncommon for Rom noblemen to remove statues and stones from it to decor their own residences. But Professor Aurigemm researches are the first serious excavations to be made many years and are considered among the most import there during this century. He has established that t Canopus Canal reproduction was some 150 yards lo and not 200 yards as has been thought hitherto.

THE SITE OF THE EXCAVATIONS : Hadrian's Villa is in the background. The new discoveries have been made in the reproduction of a section of the Canopus Canal, which was one of the features of the Villa. The canal was about 150 yards long and 20 yards wide. In the past, statues and stones have been taken from the Villa and its grounds to embellish buildings in Rome and elsewhere. Professor Aurigemma's researches are the first to be made for some years. In 1952 four replicas of the caryatids under the roof of the Erechtheum on the Acropolis were discovered in the canal.

On right—

THE REMAINS OF A TEMPLE : They stand in the garden of the Villa. It is thought that large statues may have lined the walls, but Professor Aurigemma's discoveries have been made in the canal. Among them are two Amazons, one of the type which is attributed to either Phidias or Cresilas. Unfortunately, it is headless and so does not help solve the problem of the sculptor of the ancient Greek original.

GROUP OF STATUARY IS RESTORED: An expert works on the figure of the river god Tiber. Below its broken right arm are the legendary founders of Rome, Romulus and Remus, being suckled in childhood by the she-wolf. The god Tiber is one of two statues of river gods which have been brought to light at Hadrian's Villa. The other is the god of the Nile. Both figures are reclining. Other discoveries include a fine statue of the war god Ares, wearing a helmet in the Corinthian style.

STATUES WHICH ARE 10 FT. HIGH: *On left*—A group of three more-than-life-size statues of Ceres. *On right*—The detail of the head of one of these figures shows skilful craftsmanship and reproduces much of the beauty of the Greek original from which it was copied. Ceres, the goddess of Agriculture, was the Roman adaptation of the Greek Demeter. The temple in the grounds of Hadrian's Villa may have been dedicated to her. Several statues of the goddess have been found near it.

A MILLION VEHICLES IN 1954

The News that this Record Figure had been Achieved by Britain's Motor Factories came at the Time of the Monte Carlo Rally, where Big Successes were Gained by British Cars

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

MUCH of the old glory of the Monte Carlo Rally was recaptured in this year's silver jubilee event, and the big success achieved by British cars was all the more valuable as a fillip to export sales.

The Rally coincided with the official announcement that a record number of cars—769,165—was turned out by British factories last year and that the industry's production total for cars and commercial vehicles topped the million for the first time at 1,038,834.

The number of cars built exceeded the record 1953 figure by 174,357, and no fewer than 366,084—about half the total—were sold abroad. It falls more than 30,000 short of the record number exported in 1950, but with competition increasing all the time, especially from Germany, the industry's export achievements last year were encouraging.

The total value of all the motor industry products exported in 1954 amounted to the enormous sum of £340,000,000, which is a record, and £40,000,000 more than last year.

One of the reasons for the industry's healthy export trade is the outstanding successes gained by British cars in motor sport all over the world. It is significant that Sir Leonard Lord, chairman of the British Motor Corporation, announced the other day that the firms in his group—Austin, Morris, M.G., Riley and Wolseley—are to take a closer interest in competitive motoring.

A NEW GERMAN TYPE OF JEEP MAKES ITS APPEARANCE: As part of their 1955 production programme, the German firm of Porsche have brought out a light jeep. It has a rear 50-h.p. motor with five gears and a four-wheeled drive. The body has no doors.

There were factory-sponsored Austin and M.G. teams in the recent Monte Carlo Rally, and M.G. have applied for permission to run a team of three 1½-litre two-seater sports cars in the 24-hour race at Le Mans next June.

The British success at Monte Carlo this year was mainly that of Sunbeam, but victory was shared by Jaguar, who won the team prize; by Armstrong-Siddeley, who gained the top award in the "safety and comfort" competition; and by Aston-Martin, who won their class in the rally itself.

Up to the afternoon of the day before the rally ended Britain was not doing too well, in spite of the fact that out of the total of over 350 starters we provided more—96— than any other of the seventeen competing countries. When the names of the 100 leading cars were announced after the gruelling speed test on the last 200 miles of the rally, over the Alpes Maritimes from Gap to Monte Carlo, British drivers were right out of the picture.

The highest-placed Briton (in a Ford Zephyr) lay tenth and the first British car in the list was only in fourth place. This car, a privately-entered 2¼-litre Sunbeam driven by a Norwegian team from Oslo, eventually won the rally. Reason for the change of fortune which brought victory to that Sunbeam and put the Zephyr into fourth place was a second speed test which took the surviving rally cars over a severe mountain circuit of more than 200 miles.

It was such a stiff test that of the ninety-nine starters, nine retired and only twelve got through without loss of marks.

The Monte Carlo Rally is attracting more and more teams of works-sponsored cars. At a cost of thousands of pounds, firms like the Rootes Group field teams—Sunbeams in their case—to do battle with rival companies because of the high publicity value of success in the "Monte."

Sunbeams have been doing it since 1927. Now, at last, they have gained the reward they sought so persistently—outright victory in the general classification. They have previously done well as a team. In fact, they won the team prize in the last two rallies.

This particular trophy escaped them this year, but a minor disappointment was swamped and submerged by the joy of winning the rally outright. That the winning driver was a private entrant from Oslo, and not one of the official factory teams, gave great satisfaction to all the other private entrants, but did not worry the Rootes Group much. The fact that an overseas motorist can buy a standard Sunbeam and win with it an event like the Monte Carlo Rally is in some ways an even better advertisement for the car than victory by a factory driver.

Yet it was left to a works driver to win for Sunbeam the second big "Monte" prize this year: Miss Sheila Van Damm, who gained the famous Coupe des Dames for Britain for the first time since Mrs. Mary Vaughan won it in 1932 in a Triumph.

What a brilliant driver this girl is! Miss Van Damm, daughter of the man who owns and runs London's Windmill Theatre, first took up rallying in 1950 and went on the "Monte" for the first time in the following year. She was then No. 3 driver in a woman's team captained by Mrs. Elsie Wisdom, wife of journalist Tommy Wisdom.

For the last three Monte Carlo Rallies Sheila has had her own team: Mrs. Anne Hall, of Huddersfield, and Mrs. Francoise Clarke, of Rugby. They appear to be a perfect combination, with Sheila doing all the tricky driving, Anne doing the timekeeping and Francoise acting as team manager as well as doing—like Anne—her full share of driving. They came close to winning the ladies' cup in the 1953 "Monte." They were doing well until, in the final test, their Sunbeam had a puncture which cost valuable marks and lowered them into second place behind Madame Madeleine Pochon, who won the prize in a Renault in both 1953 and 1954.

Last year Sheila became woman rally champion of Europe, and her Monte Carlo success gives her a good start in this year's championship contest.

Although Sunbeam lost the nominated team prize they gained the award for the top three cars of any one make: the Sunbeam which Captain Per Malling, of Oslo, drove into first place, and those in which Peter Harper and Miss Van Damm finished ninth and eleventh respectively

When Ian Appleyard's car "blew up" on the mountain speed test it looked as though Jaguars would lose the team prize to the German D.K.W. two-strokes, but when the final placings were announced, it was seen that victory had gone to the British team with the following positions: Ronald Adams, of Belfast, 8th; Cecil Vard, of Eire, 27th; and Ian Appleyard, 83rd.

The rally organisers succeeded admirably in their efforts to prevent a recurrence of last year's disappointment, when the majority of the competitors reached Monte Carlo without loss of marks, the results being decided by a couple of frivolous tests after the road section had been completed. It was a tough rally this year. The speed tests on the last lap of the road section, and, two days later, over a tricky mountain circuit that included high, snow-covered passes, were a real test of driver as well as car, and weeded-out the competitors in a manner which surprised some of them but delighted the organisers.

There was a lot of grumbling about the secret time checks on the high-speed Gap–Monaco section, but drivers had been warned there might be some. At the open controls drivers stamped the time of their arrival in their rally log-books by means of special clocks, and this obviated a repetition of last year's complaints that the timing by stopwatch was out of date and sometimes inaccurate.

But stop-watches were still used at the secret checks and rally drivers said this fact destroyed the whole benefit of the punch-clocks. Some competitors seemed to think that warning should be given of the secret checks by displaying advance notices. They seemed to overlook the fact that they would then be secret no longer! The simple fact is that these secret check-points are essential. They help to curb the enthusiasm of rally drivers who would otherwise go as fast as possible over the easy sections (including straight village streets) so as to have time in hand over the difficult mountain sections.

A TRIUMPH FOR SUNBEAM SPORTS SALOONS IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: For the first time in the history of the event the two principal awards—the Prince Rainier Cup and the Coupe des Dames—have been won outright by the same make of car. On the right are Gunnar Fadum and Captain Per Malling, who were the outright winners, and on the left Francoise Clarke, Anne Hall and Sheila Van Damm, who gained the Coupe des Dames for Britain for the first time since 1932.

It was the cars starting from Glasgow which seem to have had the most difficult road conditions this year, but that was not the reason so many of these drivers—including some of Britain's most experienced rally men—failed to get into the first 100 places to qualify for the second mountain speed test. It was due to the bad luck of the Glasgow contingent in having to take the first speed test, from Gap to Monte Carlo, early in the day, when the road conditions were at their worst.

Still, they had had some useful practice as they slithered down the Great North Road to Dover. They enjoyed meeting this early challenge to their driving skill, but the same cannot be said for non-rally motorists who had to get about in their cars for business or family reasons during the recent bad weather.

They were very critical of Britain's inadequate snow-clearing arrangements, and so am I. It would be financially difficult, and perhaps a little extravagant, to maintain the kind of permanent snow-clearing organisation we would all like to see, but surely it could be made a little more efficient than at present at not too great a cost? More modern snow-ploughs, strategically distributed, plus lots of specially-equipped lorries for sanding and salting the roads, are what we urgently need in Britain—and the crews of these appliances should be fully-trained to swing into action just as soon as their services are needed.

I was glad to learn that the motoring organisations are taking the matter up once again. They have asked the Minister of Transport to take a look at the existing arrangements and improve them where necessary. At a meeting of the Standing Joint Committee of the A.A., R.A.C. and the Royal Scottish A.C. at which the problem was discussed, criticism was made of the unnecessary interruption of road traffic all over Britain during the recent bad weather.

It seems wrong to me—as was pointed out at the Standing Joint Committee meeting—that local authorities get no specific grants from central funds for snow clearance. They have to provide for this essential service at the expense of road maintenance and improvement.

I learned on passing through Dover on my way to Monte Carlo that in 1954, in spite of the growing competition of the Channel air ferry, 156,000 motor vehicles were handled at the port. This is an increase of 25½ per cent. on the 124,000 which passed through in 1953.

A NEW AMERICAN ALL-PURPOSE VEHICLE: This is an artist's impression of G.M.C.'s "L'Universelle," a new panel delivery van with front-wheel drive, and a V-8 180 b.h.p. engine. The grille for the air intake to the radiator is seen on the roof. Although "L'Universelle" is 10 ins. lower than standard panel models, its floor is only 13 ins. from the ground and it has a greater cubic capacity than current models.

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CASUALTIES EN ROUTE TO MONTE CARLO

Many of the Entries Suffered Damage in this Year's Rally, which Took Place in the Hardest Weather and was an Outstanding Success for British Cars

WOUNDED BUT VICTORIOUS : A Porsche has completed the journey to Monte Carlo with slight damage. This year weather conditions were unusually hard for many drivers. British cars took the major prizes.

LIMPING HOME : A Dyna Panhard, driven by Mascre and Taittinger, nears the finish in Monte Carlo. It showed signs of its gruelling journey.

A TEST FOR DRIVER AND MANUFACTURER : A D.K.W. survived the rigours of the route. Its drivers were R. Slotemaker and H. Maasland.

A WAYSIDE CASUALTY : A Fiat 1100 has come to grief on its 2,000-mile journey in the Rally. This car was driven by T. Dik and A. Moggre.

THE END AT LAST : A guide points out the approach to Monte Carlo to I. Wollert and L. Lohmander, both of Sweden, in their Alfa-Romeo.

A WINNING BRITISH CAR : In snow and slush the winners of the Ladies' Cup go over the heights of Col de Valberg. The car is a Sunbeam saloon. The drivers are Miss S. Van Damm, Mrs. A. Hall and Mrs. F. Clarke. British women had not won the Ladies' Cup for twenty-two years. Sunbeam were awarded the prize for the best three cars.

A NASTY MOMENT ON THE COL BAYAUD : The Porsche driven by C. A. Johansson, of Norway, is temporarily in difficulties. But it completed the course. The widespread snow, ice, fog, rain and floods made the Rally this year the "hardest ever" in the experience of most drivers. Many cars were damaged when they reached Monte Carlo.

A STANDARD DRIVES THROUGH A NIGHT SNOWSTORM : This picture was also taken on the Col Bayaud. The drivers are Mr. Henry L. Brooke and Mr. G. Howard-Sorrell. In the final results of the Monte Carlo Rally British cars were triumphant. In the first ten places were two Sunbeams, a Ford Zephyr, an Aston-Martin and a Jaguar.

The World of Books

THE VERSATILE COCTEAU

Margaret Crosland Sums Up an Extraordinary Career; a Victorian Conversation Piece; the Hunted Macleans; H. V. Morton's Spanish Adventure

THE English distrust of versatility, the demand that our heroes plough their own individual furrows with single-minded concentration, may not be shared by the French, but even so, they have found the extraordinary variety of Jean Cocteau's accomplishments in the realm of literature and the arts rather more than they can accept without question. Cocteau the poet, novelist, essayist, playwright, stage designer, producer, film director, and caricaturist has had, since his late teens, a reputation for frivolity and irresponsibility. Despite all his acknowledged virtuosity he has never quite erased from the public mind the image of Le Prince Frivole, who pranced in and out of restaurants, charmed and nauseated his contemporaries by turns with the brilliance and arrogance of his conversation, treated poetry as an elegant game, and never failed to secure the limelight, even though his name was linked with the clearly, authentically-inspired Picasso, Stravinsky, Radiguet and Gide.

Margaret Crosland has sought to make an assessment of this astonishing man, trying to relate his work to his life and experience, and most of all to relate the different aspects of his work each to the other. JEAN COCTEAU (Peter Nevill. 15s.) is far from being a biography, but, beyond doubt, it will be of the utmost value to anyone who one day essays that formidable task. The author attempts, by the marshalling of the known facts, to show that Cocteau is not the *simulateur* he has so often been labelled, and, indeed, she seeks to present a man who has in his time made superb contributions.

Miss Crosland prophesies that one day in the television age that is coming upon us we shall realise the true quality of this man who anticipated the visual era by his use of effects which are visual but intelligently imaginative. As a skilled defence of one so clearly worthy of defence, Margaret Crosland's book is admirable; but unless one is knowledgeable about Cocteau's work it is by no means smooth reading.

Here is a book written apparently a decade or so too late upon which it would be fatally easy to pour scorn; the tale of a Victorian landed family reasonably well-endowed with this world's goods, of summer holidays spent upon the Continent, of life at Eton at the century's turn, and leisurely preparation for the tasks of pro-consulship and leadership envisaged by the Arnold code. The pattern all seems so familiar, but somehow or other criticism is still-born; for L. E. Jones, in A VICTORIAN BOYHOOD (Macmillan. 18s.), has breathed into this nostalgic tale a deep humanity, and when he comes to his final page he sums up what we have all been thinking: "that small beer has its place as well as strong ale; that a conversation-piece can be enjoyed where there is no room to hang a Rubens landscape; and it may be that in a hundred years from now some lover of the past, turning over the outmoded books on a second-hand bookstall, will not be displeased to discover what a childhood, and a family, and a school were like in an age when history was for once holding her breath and a boy could grow up as slowly as he pleased."

Here is good writing and a large-hearted approach to life, the excitement of youth and all the enchantment of young love and idyllic days. L. E. Jones was at Eton in the time of the last kick of privilege, but in everything he writes he sets himself down as one who loves his fellow men. His remembrance of things past is crystal clear, and we know that it is so because he has so much that is truly worth while to remember.

Nothing could be duller, unless there is excitement in unhappy marriages and the drift towards drunkenness, or more full of chancy speculation, unless there is certainty in this long chain of circumstantial evidence, than Geoffrey Hoare's real-life mystery drama THE MISSING MACLEANS (Cassell. 12s. 6d.). Geoffrey Hoare, Paris correspondent of the *News Chronicle*, who knew the Macleans for years, and Melinda Maclean after her husband's departure, here reconstructs the story, the night dash of Maclean and Mr. Styles (Burgess) to St. Malo, and then, presumably, their disappearance behind the Iron Curtain. We are shown Burgess, the unrestrained, perpetual, torrential talker, even when sober, and Donald Maclean, the quieter man of the two, despite all his violence and hard drinking, who also wished to re-make the world, although with patience and humility. In these pages Geoffrey Hoare reconstructs motives, thoughts and actions, but as he lays down his pen, he admits that the whole Maclean story bristles with queries, and it seems we are very little the wiser. His account of the Cairo episodes in Maclean's life is full and fearful, for Donald apparently drank to vast excess and gave his wife great unhappiness; but despite the minor scandals, he managed to hold down the job of Counsellor of Embassy and head of Chancery.

Back in London, a regular commuter and attendant at the Foreign Office after undergoing psychiatric treatment, things were much the same. Eventually Donald made his getaway in company with the man whose place in the story is far from clear. When Melinda later followed Maclean the mystery deepened, for until then, we are told, she had been thinking in terms of divorce; and mystery it remains, for Mr. Geoffrey Hoare's theorising is based, after all, on a few intimate and not very happy glimpses into some not very private lives. At least it can be said that Mr. Hoare is not unsympathetic amid his groping, which is more than can be said for some of those who embark on this kind of sleuthing.

H. V. Morton has travelled far and wide in search of places and people, and as the years have gone on it seems that he has lost much of his essentially journalistic touch and gained instead a notable simplicity of style within the framework of which he shows us so well the world as he sees it. A STRANGER IN SPAIN (Methuen. 18s.) is really marvellously well done, a happy, leisurely wandering from Santander and San Sebastian in the far north, down through León and Old Castile, Estremadura and New Castile to the sunlit cities of Andalusia. As ever, here is a happy blending of new experience with the highlights of history. In Madrid, where Mr. Morton finds that dining at 10 p.m. is far too near his accustomed bed-time, he delights in the evening *paseo*, the capital's unvarying, nocturnal pageant, and recalls the part-comic, part-romantic descent on the city of John Brown and Tom Smith (the future Charles I and the Duke of Buckingham), when the former, with the utmost disregard of Spanish etiquette, came wooing the Spanish Infanta, Henrietta Maria, who eventually did become his bride. Within the walls of the Escorial he recalls, inevitably, the sombre figure of Philip II, and at Aranjuez that extraordinary character Manuel Godoy, Prince of the Peace—the young soldier of the guard who rose to be the Prime Minister of Spain, the friend of bovine Charles IV, and the lover of his insatiable Queen.

INSIDE A MODERN COFFEE HOUSE IN THE HEART OF LONDON: A group of young people relaxing in the "Coffee House," which is situated just off Trafalgar Square. The establishment was founded by a group of people drawn from several professions to provide a social meeting-place where coffee and refreshments could be obtained at moderate prices. In order to encourage young artists it was decided to give the wall-space of the "Coffee House" for monthly exhibitions. Last month's choice fell on a young artist from British Honduras, Keith Simon, who is seen second from left; some of his works are displayed on the wall. Simon has lived in America, studied in Paris and exhibited in London.

MEETING THE AUTHOR OF "STILL DIGGING": Sir Mortimer Wheeler and Miss Elizabeth Allan are seen in conversation during the 263rd Foyle's Literary Luncheon. The occasion was in honour of the publication of Sir Mortimer's autobiography, *Still Digging* (Michael Joseph. 15s.), which was reviewed in THE SPHERE on January 15.

The Rogues Gallery started off with rare dash by reintroducing us to the astonishing Edward Wortley Montague, that ignoble Englishman of blue blood with a flair for the Turkish way of life. No. 2 in the series is CAPTAIN THOMAS JOHNSTONE (Andrew Melrose. 21s.), and James Cleugh, a skilful historian, has gathered together the known material about this sea-going rogue from widely scattered sources. Johnstone was born in a Hampshire fishing village in 1772, became a freelance pilot, a smuggler, a collaborator with the American inventor Robert Fulton (pioneer of the submarine), and eventually the captain of a revenue cutter. He was a rogue indeed, but a cheerful and a likeable one, and to him the height of attraction was defying authority and circumstance, and he never worried overmuch about personal aggrandisement.

When Alyse Simpson, a Swiss girl bred amid the fair property of the Swiss farmlands, wrote the story of her life in Kenya with an English husband, under the title of *Red Dust of Africa*, this reviewer described it as a book of unusual power that cried out for a sequel. Well, the strong-minded Alyse has refused to comply; she has written instead a prologue which calls forth all the best adjectives that lie readily at command. In I THREW A ROSE INTO THE SEA (Cassell. 12s. 6d.), Alyse describes her early life in Switzerland, her courtship with the English boy John, and her arrival in the Midland town, where she was made most welcome in a frosty kind of way and shown just how serious it is to have been born on the other side of the Channel.

This is a grand book, because it is provocative without being aggressive, it is independent without being unkind, and maybe it is just a gentle reminder of how much we in England owe to the sterling qualities of young ladies from overseas who have through so many generations come over to strengthen the island race.

It is a significant fact that in this year of grace 1955 the children of Britain should know the name of the only living thing that survived General Custer's last stand (the horse Comanche), that the Sioux nation should be enshrined in the juvenile public mind, and that the Pony Express should be more of a reality to the boys and girls of Orpington, West Derby, Twickenham and Inverness, than are apparently current politics to their parents. And yet they tell us we know nothing of American history! It is surprising, indeed, how much we do know; but, none the less, a little more is always welcome, and John Gloag's helpful volume, THE AMERICAN NATION (Cassell. 21s.), which was first published in the war years, when we had so many particularly important American visitors, now reappears in an enlarged and revised edition.

Great trends in history are not to be resisted, certainly not by governmental mandates, and if the will is strong, that is all there is to it. In THE SECRET ROADS (Secker and Warburg. 15s.), Jon and David Kimche show just how strong was the will of the Jews who from 1938 to 1948 flocked to the Promised Land to help create the new Israel. How the trickle of 1938 became a torrent in the post-war years is one of the great adventure stories of history, but it was not done without a highly-geared organisation, and here the authors set out to show how Mossad did everything possible to bring forsaken Jewry to its haven.

The Mariners Library is doing great things, and with the publication of Frank A. Wightman's THE WIND IS FREE (Rupert Hart-Davis. 10s. 6d.), this is its twenty-sixth volume, the first of them having been Joshua Slocum's account of his world journey. Frank is very much a man in the Slocum tradition, and this story of his voyage from Cape Town to the West Indies in his yacht *Wylo* in the year 1947 is a grand adventure from start to finish.

Mammals yield the secrets of their lives only to the patient and practised observer. One such is Dr. François Bourlière, whose NATURAL HISTORY OF MAMMALS (Harrap. 21s.) is both an admirable introduction to the subject and a work of great scholarship.

Among the new novels Mr. Ernest Gann's SOLDIER OF FORTUNE (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is sure of a welcome by reason of his great success with *The High and the Mighty*, that memorable novel of the air age. This time the setting is in post-war Hong Kong, and the story starts with Jane Hoyt's search for her mad and reckless husband, the endearing Louis, who seems to have very muddled ideas about marriage, a most straightforward approach to drinking, and a way with brainwashing officers of the new China that is wholly admirable. *Soldier of Fortune* is well-written, with no wasted words and a lot of suspense.

When Robert Penn Warren wrote *All the King's Men* it was a novel of maturity, of well-developed ideas about the ways of politicians in a backward part of the land. With that book he won fame on both sides of the Atlantic, and the seeds of that success are easy enough to perceive in NIGHT RIDER, his first novel, which came out in 1939, has long since been out of print, and is now republished (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 13s. 6d.). The central character is Percy Munn, the young lawyer who leads the Kentucky Tobacco Growers in their protest against the buyers' ring, but finds himself not only immersed in violence for essential business reasons, but eventually an addict, demanding violence for his soul's satisfaction. The sombre theme is exceptionally well-handled.

D. J. Enright's ACADEMIC YEAR (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) is a joyous frolic with an Egyptian student setting, and the sights and sounds of Alexandria are vividly brought to life.

Two detective novels which commend themselves this week are Beverley Nichols' THE MOONFLOWER (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) and Patricia Wentworth's OUT OF THE PAST (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.). Both writers have characterful detectives, Mr. Nichols with his endearing Mr. Green, and Patricia Wentworth with the delightful Miss Silver, now adroitly handling her twenty-third murder case.

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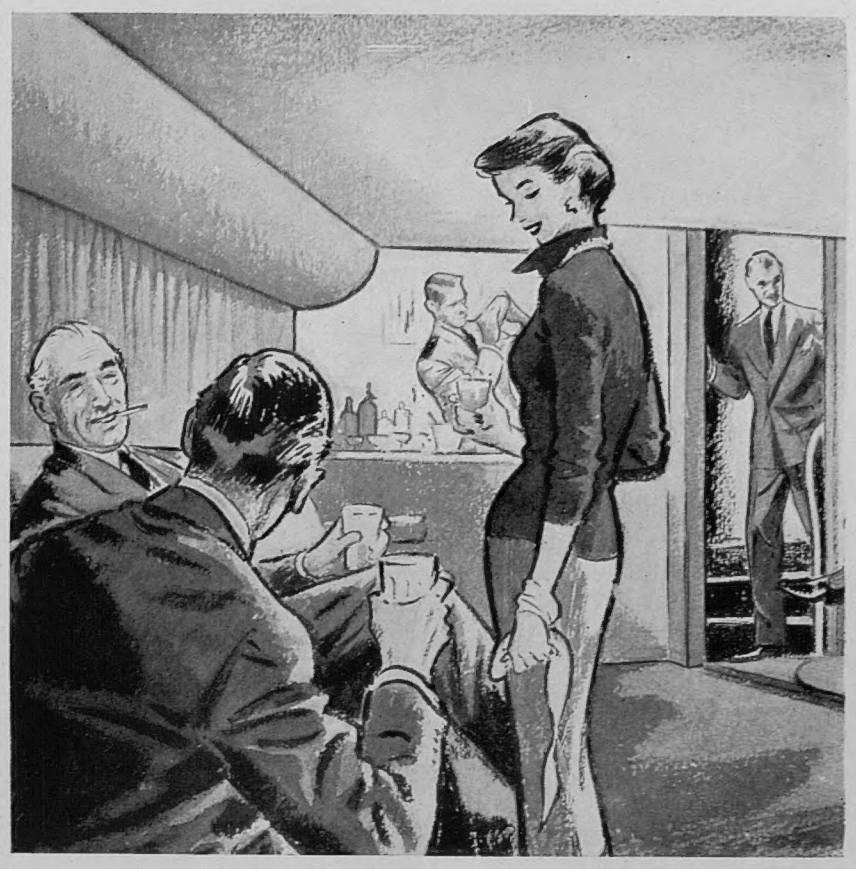

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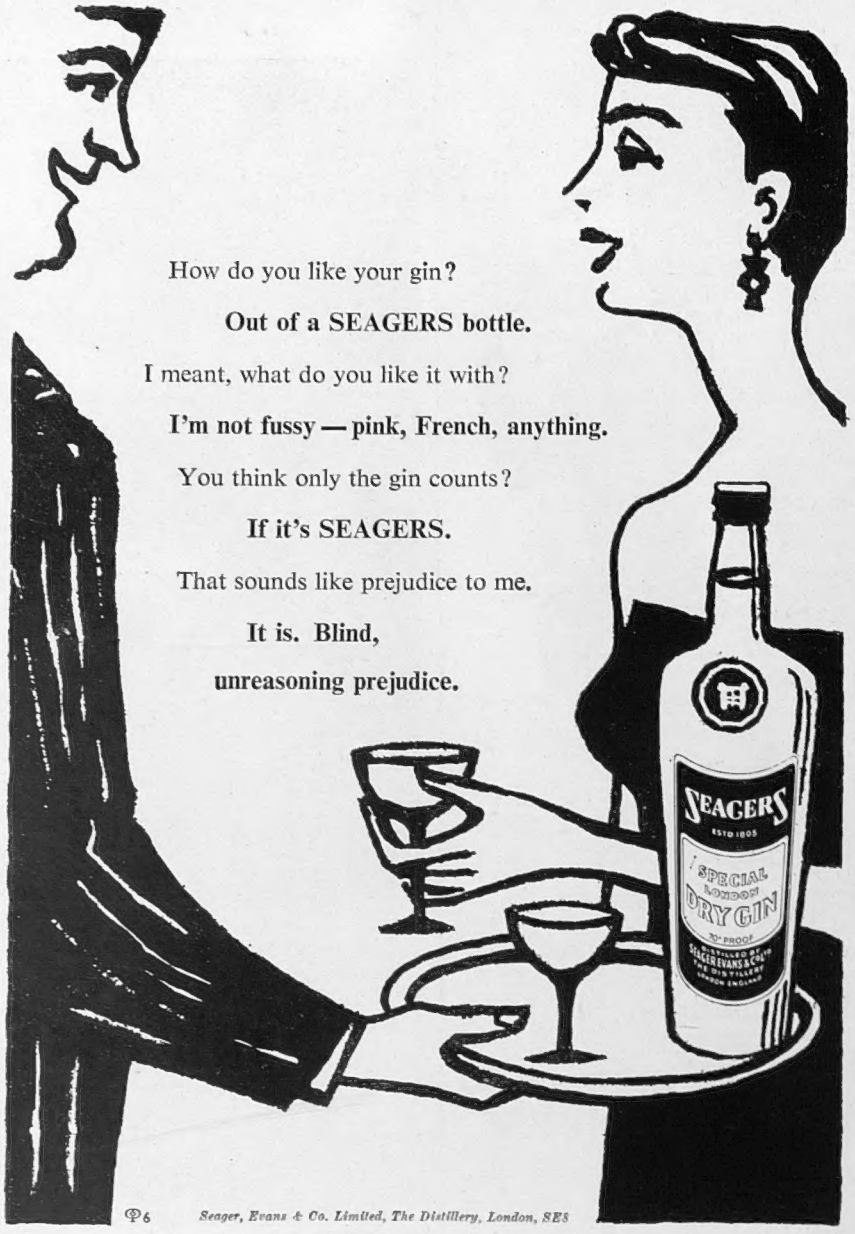

How do you like your gin?

Out of a SEAGERS bottle.

I meant, what do you like it with?

I'm not fussy — pink, French, anything.

You think only the gin counts?

If it's SEAGERS.

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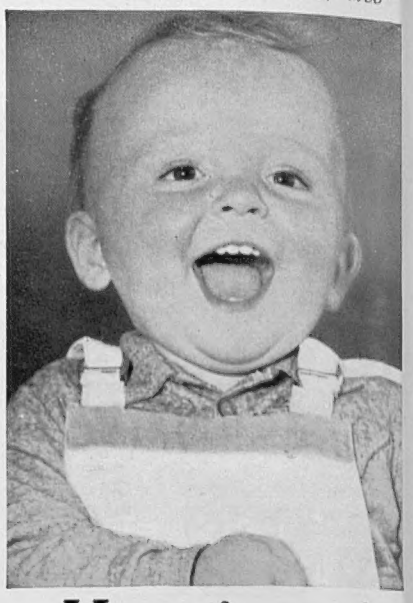

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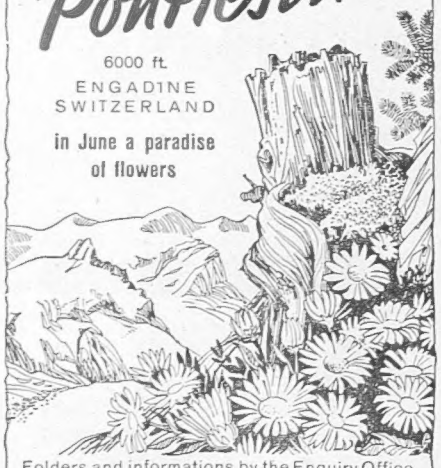

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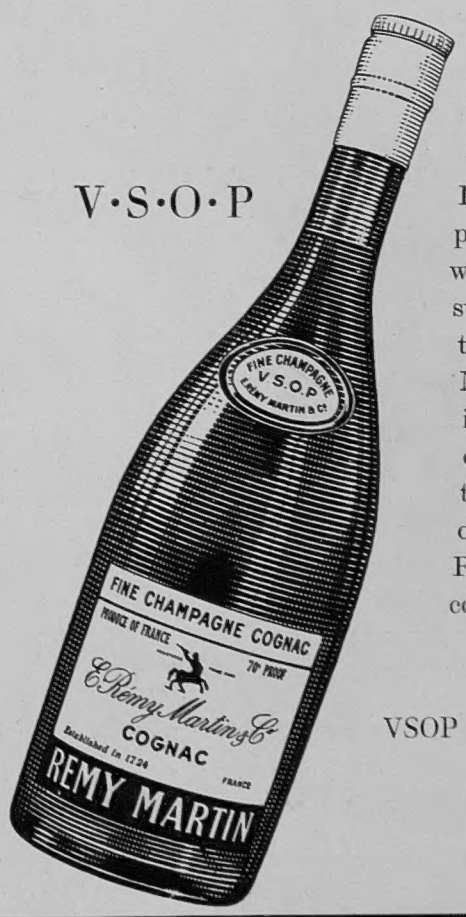

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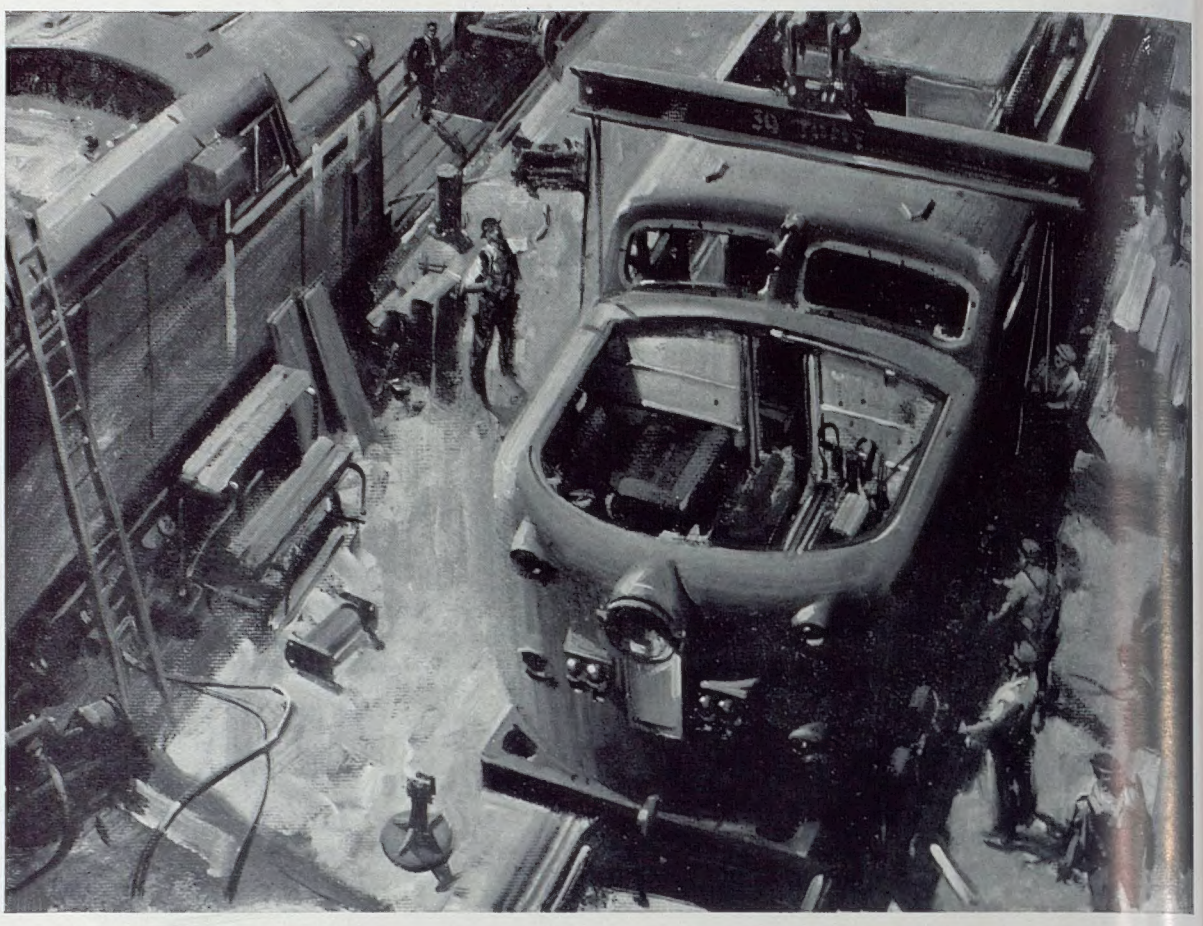

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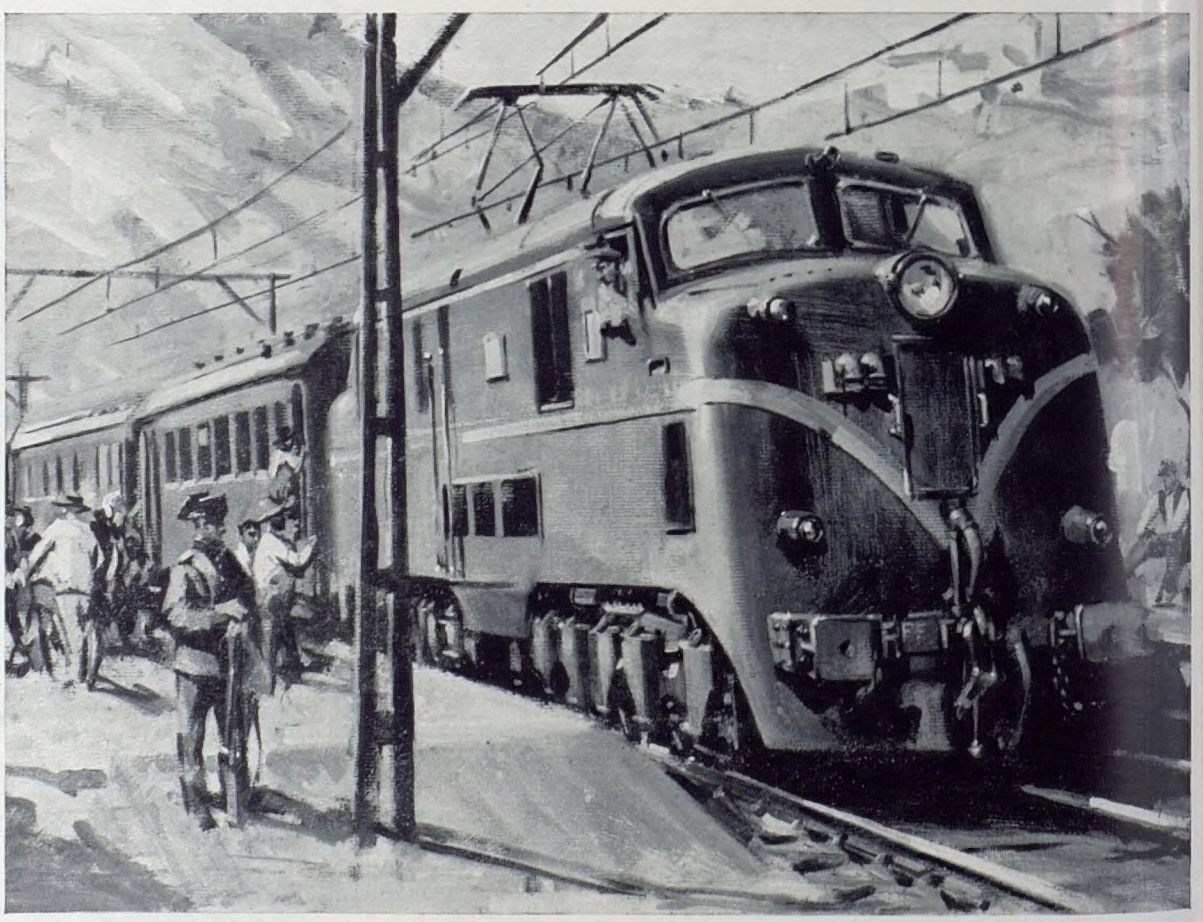

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